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THE CRISIS

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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 30 No. 3 JULY, 1925 Whole No. 177

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 30 No. 3 JULY, 1925 Whole No. 177

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE AMY SPINGARN PRIZES

WE are glad to announce that Mrs. Amy Spingarn has been so pleased with the results of our prize contest that she has already paid over to the treasury of the N. A. A. C. P. another sum of six hundred dollars for the prize contest of 1926. The details of this contest will be announced at the time when the prizes of the 1925 contest are awarded. In the meantime and in the name not only of itself but of the young Negro artists THE CRISIS wishes to express to Mrs. Spingarn its deep appreciation of her thoughtfulness.

KELLY MILLER

MR. KELLY MILLER has paid the N. A. A. C. P. a tribute for which we have been waiting. We have been waiting for it because we knew that nobody of Mr. Miller's keen mind was unaware of the tremendous accomplishments which this organization represents. At the same time until recently the word had not been forthcoming. In fact now and then we had noted from Mr. Miller's pen something almost like criticism of the results of our work or at any rate lack of appreciation of its difficulties. Recently, however, in reviewing the 15th annual report Mr. Miller has done us the honor of giving our work a searching and on the whole just analysis; and in view of the petty criticism that we have received from people who ought to know better we are quoting here from his words of tribute.

The N. A. A. C. P. is built and operated upon the basis of efficiency. The effective charity and philanthropic organizations of the country are all operated on the same principle. The essential work is carried on by paid workers. It is not merely their duty but their business to perform the work assigned. The laborer is worthy of his hire. The higher the labor, the worthier the hire. Voluntary workers are essential to preserve the genuine spirit of philanthropy. But their task in the nature of the case must be aside from their main pursuit. They cannot be held to sustained endeavor, nor can they be made amenable to the necessary discipline to make an organization successful. After all has been said and done, the adequate pay must be provided if the requisite work is to be exacted. The Y. M. C. A. and all organizations of a social or religious type proceed on this principle. The N. A. A. C. P. secures the services of the ablest and best equipped colored men in the country, and gives them as high salaries as colored men could command in any field of endeavor. . . .

There have been and still exist feebly several general civil rights organizations which profess to cover the same field as the N. A. A. C. P. Their relative failure is due to the method of operation. They have all endeavored to operate on voluntary service. This experience clearly proves it cannot be done.

Half a dozen well paid workers in the N. A. A. C. P. can release all of their energies to the cause of racial service without giving heed to the necessities of food and drink. They are endowed to fight the battle of the race. Indeed they are the only set of workers who have been endowed and set apart for this service. They need not be intimidated nor afraid. Their support comes directly from the benefited people whose appointed and paid ambassadors they are. Therefore they should speak boldly for the people as an ambassador ought to speak.

SUMMER MILITARY CAMPS

May 11, 1925.

HON. JOHN W. WEEKS,
Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.
My dear Mr. Secretary:

I have seen the May issue of *The Reserve Officer*, a monthly magazine devoted to Citizens' Military Training Camps. I have noted the camps established for the year 1925.

It appears that the purpose of these training camps is primarily for the national defense, the government feeling, in the words of General Delafield, that "the responsibility for the successful defense of our country rests upon its civilians. Citizens' defense must have arms, enough trained leaders, and organization that will create a strong force before the enemy can overwhelm us. This is possible only when many men of fighting age are loyal and partly trained".

Secondarily, it appears that these camps are for the purpose of physical, mental and moral development of the men in training. In your own words, "military training teaches a man to find himself in the most formative period of his life. I know of no substitute in our educational system that will so effectively help a young man before he has actually entered his life work".

I am writing in the name of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to inquire as to what provisions have been made under both these heads for the colored youth of the country; what provision has been made to give them the benefit of the training which is necessary in case they are called upon for the defense of the country; and what provision has been made to give them the physical, mental and moral benefit of training in military camps.

May I ask more specifically, if colored youth, say in a state like New York, apply for entrance in the regularly established training camps in this state, will they be admitted upon the same terms as other American citizens, or will they be confronted by some undemocratic and un-American barrier? In other words, will the government and will the War Department expect these colored youth to answer a call for defense, if that call should come, and yet deny them or fail to provide for them the training which will make them capable of the utmost service to their country?

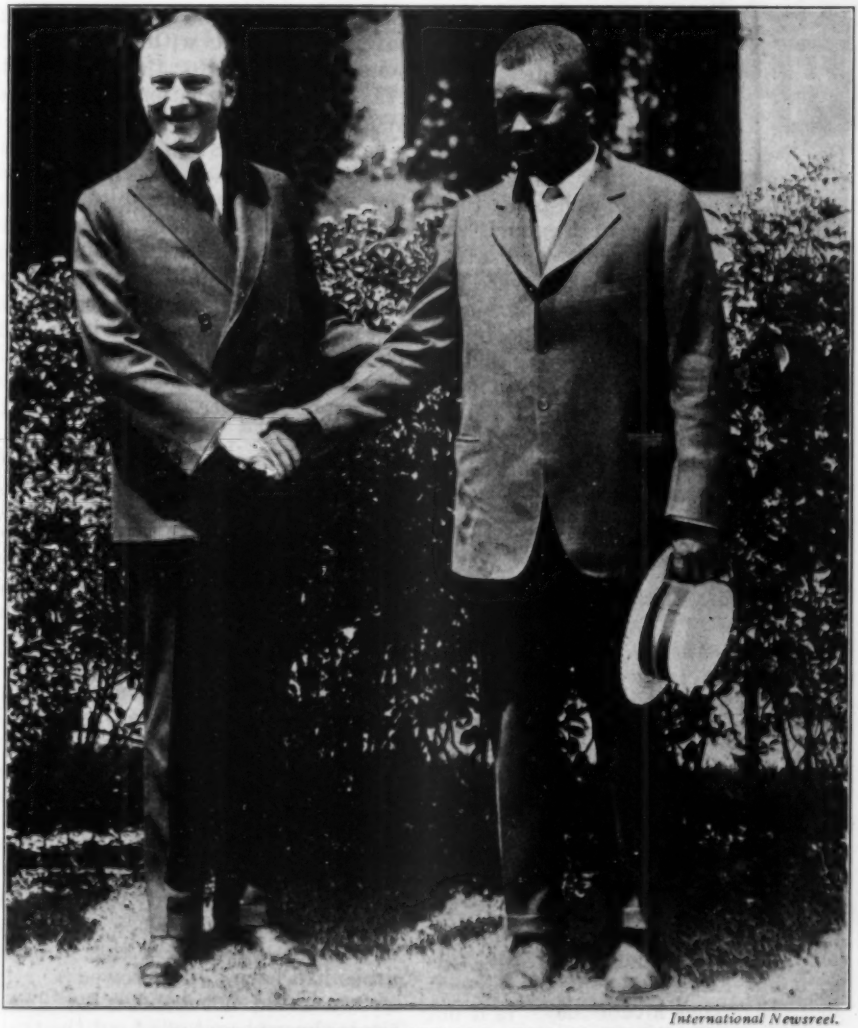
Yours very respectfully,
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON.
Secretary.

MISSOURI

WATCH Missouri! For a generation Lincoln University, Missouri, has been the center of graft and the football of politics. Then at last black Missouri demanded a change. They wanted a real university and they began by securing a real president, Nathan B. Young, of Florida. They helped elect Sam Baker, a Republican, as governor because he promised to befriend and upbuild the new Lincoln. No sooner was he in office than he turned and raised his boot to kick Young out and to distribute the $400,000 appropriation among the political "boys". The Kansas City *Call*, a colored weekly, leapt into the lists and aroused the state. Petitions and delegations poured in on the shifty politician in the Governor's chair until he denied the right of petition. The Board of Curators balked and is now deadlocked,—3 for Young, 3 against and 1 refusing to vote. Here the matter stands. For God's sake show us, Missouri!

THE HERO OF MEMPHIS

DOWN in Memphis a colored man has methodically saved some thirty white Southerners from drowning in the Mississippi River. Among them he



International Newsreel.

THE PRESIDENT GREETS TOM LEE—HERO OF MEMPHIS

has saved undoubtedly several sorts of people. Some people who wish well to him and his race and who under favorable circumstances would do what they could for its education and uplift. There were others among the thirty who are quite indifferent to black folk and would be happiest if they were in Africa or the South Seas or even hotter regions. There must be among those thirty a few who have been members of lynching mobs, authors of all sorts of injustice toward black folk, men who have stolen the earnings of Negro workers and raped Negro women and shut the doors of opportunity in the face of Negro children. But this black man saved them all. He did it not because they were white, not because they were good, bad or hateful. He did it because they were dying men and he did well.

NOSES AND FACES

AN extraordinary proof of the stupidity of white world convictions is afforded by the civil service of India. For years this has been an attractive career for young white Englishmen. They were well-paid, they had long vacations in England, the social life was alluring and after twenty years' service they were retired at home on liberal pensions. Thus Indian taxation supports in comfortable idleness large numbers of men in full vigor of life not to mention the civil servants still in homes.

Indians have long complained of this and especially of the fact that competent educated Indians were excluded from the higher ranks of this service conducted in their own country and paid for by their own money. Finally the Montague program gave a modicum of participation in government to the Indians and opened certain high places in the civil service to them. They entered by examination and on the same terms as white men, but they *entered;* and young Englishmen found themselves in certain cases subordinate to brown superiors. This they silently refused to contemplate and today it is being found increasingly difficult to get white Englishmen into the Indian service! The pay and pension remain the same and India still pays both but Englishmen hate "niggers" more than they love money. Is it not delicious? England is biting off her own imperial nose to save the race prejudice of her face and by the same token India is going to be free. Here's where we say, God bless race hatred!

THE BATTLE OF WASHINGTON

AGAIN we rise and bow, hat in hand and hand on breast, and the objects of our obeisance this time are Mary Bethune and Hallie Q. Brown. We say frankly that with all our personal admiration for these two leaders of the Association of Colored Women's Clubs there have been times when THE CRISIS has been harassed with doubts. It has been afraid of the influence of rich white Florida and it was especially incensed at Hallie Q. Brown's attitude during the campaign. But all this is swept away, forgotten and is as though it never was, because of the splendid, dignified and impressive fight which these leaders of the organized colored women of America made in Washington.

It was the old story of organized insult for which no one was responsible, at least if we let them tell it. Every effort was made at the meeting of the International Council of Women to see that the colored women of America were represented and that they were not publicly insulted in the face and in the presence of the world. They were asked on one night to furnish music and they had a magnificent program with Nathaniel Dett of Hampton and a hundred and fifty or more singers from clubs and churches. The sound of the sorrow songs was to rise and to make glad these united women of the world.

The chorus was ready to sing. The leader had his baton when word came down from the gallery that the Negroes had been "Jim Crowed". Miss Brown could not believe it. Three times she sent up to find out the truth and the fourth time she went herself and then the inconceivable happened. Twenty years ago Negroes would have gone down on their knees and thanked white people for letting them go in the gallery. Ten years ago as much as they would have resented it they would not have dared to make any demonstration, but yesterday Mr. Dett telephoned to the Chief Justice of the United States, the president of the Board of Trustees of

Hampton, and asked what to do. William Taft who is a Northern white man with Southern principles had no advice. Dett telephoned to Hampton.

At last Hallie Q. Brown stepped before the curtain and told the audience quietly that under the circumstances the chorus would not sing and the chorus walked out and the Negro audience walked out and with them walked many of the foreign delegates who realized what was happening; and at them stared leaders of the women's world, astonished and chagrined at America's methods of insulting humanity.

It stirred the conference to its depths and all the more because a moment previously Indians had sung amid applause and then been seated graciously in boxes in full view of the audience while the Negroes had been kicked to the side of the attic. The withdrawal of these singers was a symbol and a prophecy. Either black folk are going to be treated as social equals or they are going to refuse to co-operate with the world.

FERDINAND Q. MORTON

THERE has been going on in black New York during the last ten years a revolution in practical politics which few Negroes know or understand. There are two political attitudes usual to Negroes. One widely advocated by THE CRISIS is that of standing outside parties and throwing a mass of independent votes here or there as the candidates bid until parties will recognize Negro strength and cater to it. The weakness of this stand is that the choices after nominations are made are really few or none. Hence the real fight of the practical politicians is inside the party in the organizing of wards and precincts and the primary elections.

FERDINAND Q. MORTON

Ferdinand Q. Morton is a man who believes in this latter method. He is frankly and avowedly a party politician. He takes human nature as he finds it and seeks to use it for his ends. These ends in his case are the recognition of manhood and ability despite color. While yet a student in school he determined to accomplish this by practical politics. He was born in Mississippi in 1881. He was educated in the public schools of Washington, D. C., and Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. He entered Harvard in 1902.

Here he made a characteristic fight. He did excellent work in the studies he liked and was representative of his college in inter-collegiate debate. This debating was formerly allowed credit in graduation. But in Morton's senior year this custom was stopped and he was informed he needed one-half course credits necessary to graduation. It would have been an easy matter for Morton to make up this work but he refused on principle and his refusal stands to this day.

This is Morton. As a student he determined to enter politics as a Democrat. He argued that a determined and resourceful Negro inside the Northern democratic party could do more to stop Southern domination than all the Negroes herded as Repub-

licans; that the future of the Negro in America ultimately would be worked out not in the South, but in the North and West; that consequently the thing of paramount importance to win and hold civic and political equality was the division of the Negro vote between the two great political parties. He also felt the interests of the Negro imperatively required that in the urban and industrial centres of the North he should be aligned politically with the dominant parties.

He entered the Tammany colored organization in Harlem which consisted then largely of men contented with janitorships and small jobs supplemented by bribes on election day. Soon Robert N. Wood came to control and a new spirit rose, especially as he made young Morton his right hand man. Wood stood up and made demands and won some recognition in the party. Finally in 1915, Morton became leader of Black Tammany. In 1910 there was not a single colored policeman in New York. The race had no representation either in the State or municipal legislative branches. The only positions held by Negroes were in the Street Cleaning Department, with the exception of school teachers, not regarded as political. Today there are fifty or more Negro policemen. Hundreds of Negroes are holding positions as clerks, stenographers, typists, investigators, parole officers and court attendants. The race has representation in the Corporation Counsel's Office and District Attorney's Office. An alderman and a member of the State Legislature are Negro Democrats, and the party that gets the black vote in Harlem today has to fight for it desperately.

Morton himself has risen from an indictment clerk to Civil Service Commissioner at $7500 a year. He is a district leader and sits in the inner circle of Tammany Hall and is treated and recognized as a man.

Morton has no illusions about politics. He regards it as a selfish, desperate game where out of the clash of low interests a few great principles may be salvaged. He does not attempt to stop all gambling, bootlegging and prostitution in Harlem. But he does limit these things and protect those who wish to be decent and he has helped make Harlem a far better residence quarter than it used to be. Morton uses money in elections as every party leader does, but he uses it to purchase more decency and protection and recognition for black folk than they ever had before. He is neither demi-god nor demagogue. He is just a strong, skillful, courageous man, cynical surely, but honest and sound; and he deserves respect.

THE FIRST WIRELESS MESSAGE

JAMES A. ATKINS

LONG ere your winged caravels grand
Touched my sunny Afric strand,
Bringing Bibles beads and rum.
Enslaved my body, left me dumb—

Long ere your learned Nordic sires
Harnessed heaven's flashing fires,
Imprisoned them in copper wires
And bade them do their hearts' desires—

Ere your thoughts flashed with speed of light
Through realms of universal night—
Ere telegraph or radio
Connected Capetown with Cairo—

I communed from place to place
With all the sons of Afric race;
O'er desert silence, jungle hum—
I conquered distance with my drum.

JOHN BROWN THE CRUSADER

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HOWEVER one feels about John Brown, whether one believes in his doctrine of violence or not, there is one thing about him which we can all join in admiring, and that is his devotion to his cause. That is one of the great lessons of his life. For what he believed to be right he was willing to spend his life, and before that he was willing to give all his time, his energy and his strength. Let no man sneer at this, particularly not at this time in our history when the whole trend of modern life is away from serious purposes and serious aims, when it seems as if the bulk of our people were solely interested in jazz, the automobile, the radio, baseball and every other form of sport. Life is easy today and in no country as fortunate as in our own. Only fifty-four or fifty-five per cent of us are enough interested in our government and our institutions to go to the polls and vote. We are ready to hurrah for the flag at patriotic meetings, to revere our revolutionary ancestors, to worship the Constitution and declare that it is beyond improvement, and that, save for an occasional amendment, it must never be touched. Let anyone suggest that there are causes requiring adherents and defenders and champions, even as in the days of John Brown, and the public is distinctly bored. Let any one suggest something new in the world of politics, and it is easy to overwhelm him by calling names; he is a radical, a red, a bolshevik. The truth is that we are in the doldrums politically, that the wave of political progress has receded, that we are lulled into superficial contentment by the ease of life. We fasten our attention to creature comforts, upon delights and amusements. We are as impatient with anyone who would interfere with prosperity as the slave holders and their sympathizers were in the days of the Abolitionists. We refuse to believe that the rest of the world is sweeping on ahead of us socially and politically. We will not even listen to those who urge that once and for all we put an end to child labor in America, that we free the youthful toilers of the nation even as once we freed the slaves. What we behold is almost unprecedented. Great happiness, great comfort, great plenty, with multitudes enjoying luxuries who never enjoyed them before, all this side by side with grave evils, with economic discontent, with the agricultural classes facing disaster where they have not already been submerged by it, with grave injustices to large classes unremedied in our national life. We are still endeavoring to carry on a Republic half slave and half free.

Naturally I refer, among other things, to the condition of the colored people for whom Brown gave his life. Their disfranchisement continues and few people lift up their voices in protest. Through that disfranchisement, the Constitution of the United States, that every child in America must bow down before as if it were a Gessler's hat before which once the Swiss peasants had to worship, is daily violated. Curiously enough, the societies for the defense of the Constitution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and all our other patriotic societies are silent about this flouting of the sacred document which contains our fundamental laws. The South profits by it, and Congress refuses to act and reduce the Southern representation. We are actually building monuments to Lee and Jackson and Davis, and all the other Southern leaders who sought to overthrow the Constitution and destroy the union of the States, and we vow vengeance at the same moment upon any little Communist who speaks of overthrowing the government by violence in the manner of Robert E. Lee.

We deprive the colored people of their rights, guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States, both social and political rights, and then we demand of them that they refrain from any radical propaganda to right their wrongs. We are amazed to hear that Socialist doctrines are beginning to flourish among them and wonder why, precisely as we saw no inconsistency in drafting those colored men to fight for their country who were denied the right to vote, denied representation in most legislatures, denied the right to a trial by a jury of their peers, denied often the right to protest against taxation without representation. I wonder how any colored man

can look upon the Constitution, as at present violated, and think of it as anything else than an instrument to be ravished at will by those who are determined to fix his economic and social status and deprive him of political rights. As a white man, I do not have to wonder why it is that our laws are not respected, why we prate about the virtues of the Constitution and violate its spirit and its letter. The worst offenders against the Constitution today are not the handful of extremists who would move against it by extra legal measures, but the officials of our country from the President of the United States down, who are sworn to uphold the Constitution and regard it like so many other laws, as something to be enforced when they see fit, and when it suits their purposes. The present President gives us one homily after another as to the perfection of our institutions and the wonderful happiness and prosperity. He cries, "Peace, peace", and there is no peace. He does not defend the Constitution; he connives at its violation.

Yet I cannot be discouraged at the progress of our fellow citizens for whom John Brown went to the scaffold, for whom, in his own words, he was worth infinitely more to die than to live. I have now reached the age when I can look back on three decades of service to the colored people, to work for them and with them. I think their progress has been amazing. Their way upward is infinitely long and extraordinarily steep. When one goes into the South and works among them and sees their shortcomings, their lack of leadership, one sometimes grows faint and weary. But when one takes the race as a whole, when one sees the heights to which some of them have attained, when one has known a Booker Washington and a DuBois, a Colonel Young, a Paul Laurence Dunbar, a Mrs. Bethune, a Jennie Dean, and now a Roland Hayes, a James W. Johnson, one has no right to be impatient and certainly not the slightest justification for any loss of faith. And yet being of an impatient nature and longing with an insatiable longing to see some of the causes to which I have given my life triumph in my lifetime, precisely as it was given to my grandfather to initiate the militant fight for emancipation and live to see its fulfillment, so I cannot help praying day by day for a greater solidarity among the colored people, a more militant spirit of determination to achieve justice and equality, an abjuring of the easy and the pleasant things of life for the hardnesses, the bitternesses, the defeats and the victories of the struggle for complete emancipation.

That struggle must never end and can never end until victory is achieved. The colored people ought to agitate, agitate and agitate for these their rights that are theirs because of their Americanism, which would never be denied them if their skins were white, which we give to the lowliest immigrant among us who has been here five years and knows enough English to read the Constitution, which is but a mockery and a sham for eleven millions of our people. With solidarity the colored people could achieve those rights in short time indeed, and the economic freedom which is denied them in many States of the South. Could they but organize as a whole and use the weapon of the strike to achieve their ends, they could focus public attention anew from what is still the irrepressible conflict, precisely as John Brown made the nation face the issue, made it realize that certain wrongs were beyond being borne any longer. Again I do not uphold his methods of force. Being utterly opposed to the use of arms for any purpose, and believing human life inviolable, I counsel only peaceful methods. I do not even believe that the colored people when attacked by any mobs should use the pistol and the rifle. That way destruction lies. If it were futile for John Brown, it is a thousand times more futile today. But I do urge whole-heartedly that the colored people of America make of John Brown the moral crusader their inspiration and their model, and that they devote themselves without stint and without question to the cause of freedom which was but half won when Lee surrendered, and emancipation became a reality.

[*This is an extract from the speech delivered by Oswald Garrison Villard, May* 9, 1925, *at the Third Annual Pilgrimage to Lake Placid of the John Brown Memorial Association. The national officers of this Association are: J. Max Barber, President; Nannie H. Burroughs, Treasurer; William Lloyd Imes, Secretary; Shelby J. Davidson, Assistant Secretary.*]

BARRETT BEACH

BATHING AT BARRETT BEACH

AN addition has been made to the number of summer resorts for colored people. At Port Monmouth, New Jersey, one mile from Keansburg is Barrett Beach, a seashore resort of fifty acres, valued at $126,000, financed and controlled by Colored Americans through the Barrett Beach Co. Incorporated, with capital stock of $250,000.

The resort has a shore front of 1,700 feet on Raritan Bay overlooking Sandy Hook. One can reach it by a bus from New York City, by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, or by the Keansburg boat from the Battery in New York. Adequate places to stop are available coincident with the park, one of these being the Barrett Beach Inn.

It seems that Barrett Beach is undergoing a boom, and is starting the season with many improvements costing about $50,000. A motion picture theatre has been built and the services of a musical comedy company secured. Among the newest additions are an electric light plant, an artesian well, with a water system 321 feet deep, a concrete power house, bungalows, a dance floor, bath houses and a large pavilion. Duffin Jazz Band from Asbury Park has taken over the dance hall. On

PLAYTIME

Saturdays, Sundays and holidays there are baseball games for fans.

This promises to be one of the most popular resorts adjacent to many of the large cities of the East, offering comfortable, clean and untrammeled possibilities of pleasure and rest within the reach of the masses of colored people. Its proximity to so many cities should enhance its popularity as not only those in search of a vacation may be accommodated but also week-enders and tourists.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND NEGROES

A CORRESPONDENCE

Saint Joseph's Mission,
P. O. Box 1237, Richmond, Va.
February 28, 1925.

THE EDITOR,
THE CRISIS,
New York.

Dear Sir:

Anent the article: "Thy people shall be my people", you may assure the author that she can dry up her tears—she weeps over the fact that the last of the "old guard of New England men and women who went South to teach black children" has just departed. Please assure the dear lady that there are probably nearly two hundred priests and brothers and sisters from New England and its environs laboring without pay in the South today and many of them are "old guards". We have several sisters here who are over forty years in the service; there are many more in Norfolk, throughout North Carolina, in Tennessee, etc. I do hope that the weeping lady will now dry up her tears and be comforted.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) JOSEPH B. GLENN.

March 16, 1925.

Mr. Joseph B. Glenn,
St. Joseph's Mission,
P. O. Box 1237,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Mr. Glenn:

The "old guard" of Catholic priests and sisters teaching in the colored South deserve all credit for their unselfish work. Of course they are not laboring "without pay" because they are assured of food and clothes and shelter for life which is more than most of us are; and especially they differ from teachers like Elizabeth Pingree in this fact: they are unable or unwilling to produce leaders for the black race. In 400 years the American Catholic Church has ordained less than a half dozen black Catholic priests either because it has sent us poor teachers or because American Catholics do not want to work beside black priests and sisters or because they think Negroes have neither brains nor morals enough to occupy positions open freely to Poles, Irishmen and Italians. Which is the real reason, dear Mr. Glenn—we pause in our tears for a reply and for a reply more humbly suitable to the great and glaring failure of the Catholic Church among American Negroes than your first flippant and sarcastic note.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) W. E. B. DUBOIS.

March 20, 1925.

Dear Dr. DuBois:

I am much surprised that my note of the 28th of February should prompt you to send a reply so bitter. I beg of you as a personal favor that you kindly send me a copy of my letter to you.

My mind travels with your own up to a certain point in matters you touched on in your letter.

It is disgraceful that we have not provided more and better schools. I beg to assure you that nobody can remedy such defects more quickly than yourself. Give publicity to the defects as you observe them. The sluggishness to provide means is not due to any hostile feeling but to a condition peculiar to Catholic life. Up to and including the present time the Church in America has been put to it to provide suitable housing for worship and education to accommodate the multitude of immigrants arriving on these shores yearly. To such an extent is this true that up to ten years ago Catholic America did not have one priest on the foreign missions; and in con-

tributions to foreign missions she was several thousand dollars behind Canada or Ireland. However, I do not mean to imply that nothing has been attempted. There are hundreds of colored Catholic schools scattered throughout the country. The product of these schools will take the reins of leadership some day. The process of training may be slow but it is deep. These schools are becoming more numerous and are getting better year by year. They have already turned out several thousand colored sisters. You should get acquainted with these sisters, they have lots of God's grace and marvelous zeal. These sisters stand in the first ranks of American life and we can all follow their leadership with perfect security. We have not been altogether bankrupt in putting colored people into place in American life. Bishop Healey of Portland, Maine, the bishop of a powerful diocese was a colored man. I do not know of any other denomination which has raised a colored man to be the spiritual ruler of many thousands of whites and yet to have but a mere handful of colored followers. His brother, Father Healey, became the president of Georgetown University, one of the oldest in the country. A sister of the above became the head of the Ursuline Nuns in America. The foundress of the Nuns of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was a colored woman. There are of course minor celebrities. The number who will take the reins one day will be greater. You can well hasten the day by stirring up interest in these matters. Giving a good deal of publicity to the efforts now being made would help some. I don't recall having read a kindly word in THE CRISIS of anything Catholic. The Church has not tried and failed. She has not yet fittingly tried. We are on the eve of greater effort.

I beg to assure you in the kindest way possible that you could do much good by a more kindly attitude to the Catholic effort. It is generally accepted as a fact that you are hostile to Catholics. Try to recollect any instance of a kindly word said by THE CRISIS in behalf of the many who have labored for years in this field. It is a pity that you have left such an impression of hostility; personally I am sure that it does not exist. Why should it?

By the way it occurs to me that there must be a great number of colored priests and colored Catholic leaders in South America.

Respectfully,
(Signed) JOSEPH B. GLENN.

March 24, 1925.

Dear Sir:

You miss the main point of my criticism. The Catholic Church in America stands for color separation and discrimination to a degree equalled by no other church in America, and that is saying a very great deal. In this it is false to the great tradition of Catholicism through the ages—in Europe, Asia and Africa, in South America and the West Indies. I am not blaming the Church for so few Negro schools, I am blaming it because in its higher schools it has with few exceptions rigidly excluded Negroes and refused to educate black priests or even give high school training to black children until it could afford a complete and separate set of Negro schools from kindergarten to college and seminary. And today instead of even building a great "Jim Crow" system with a university at the top, it is multiplying primary schools of the lowest and most inefficient type with nearly all the teachers white. Meantime the white parochial schools, even in the North, exclude colored children, the Catholic high schools will not admit them, the Catholic university at Washington invites them elsewhere and scarcely a Catholic seminary in the country will train a Negro priest. This is not then a case of blaming the Catholic Church for not doing all it might—it is blaming it for being absolutely and fundamentally wrong today and in the United States on the basic demands of human brotherhood across the color line.

THE CRISIS is no enemy of Catholicism. We admire and praise much of its mighty history. I have just written for the Knights of Columbus a volume in their admirably conceived series of monographs for inter-racial understanding of the making of America. But because Catholicism has so much that is splendid in its past and fine in its present, it is the greater shame that "nigger" haters clothed in its episcopal robes should do to black Americans in exclusion, segregation and exclusion from opportunity all that the Ku Klux Klan ever asked.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) W. E. B. DUBOIS.

THE LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

JOHN P. DAVIS

ACCORDING to my "Baedeker", Liverpool was the first English port to engage in Negro slave traffic, having carried on this nefarious trade along the Spanish Main as early as 1723. Liverpool is also, I believe, the first city where an organization of students and professors have banded together for the express purpose of establishing social equality among all races and creeds. Indeed it is a far cry from the first event to the last.

About 4:30 in the afternoon of a foggy English day three other Americans and myself accompanied by the secretary of the University Guild attended a "squash", which is the English term for a sort of tea where one enjoys delicious crumpets. Indeed it was literally a squash. In a rather small room were crowded about sixty or seventy students and professors of the University representing twenty nationalities. There were Britishers, Australians, East Indians, Siamese, New Zealanders, West Indians, Russians, Chinese, Norwegians, Dutch, South Africans, Germans, a West African, Poles, Egyptians, Spaniards, Venezuelans, Uruguayans, Swiss and Americans, all huddled together in gay camaraderie chatting merrily. Some smoking cigarettes; others nibbling tarts or little tea cakes; still others, including myself, drinking tea (there is no tea in the world so good as English tea). Here a rather homely girl from New Zealand was talking with a young and strikingly blond fellow from Norway. Over in the corner my friend, the West African, was having what seemed to be a veritable *tête à tête* with a pretty red-cheeked English girl. And I was being entertained by a bright-eyed, bobbed-haired Scotch girl, the lady secretary of the University Guild with a membership of over 1600 of the students. She was telling me jokes about the stinginess of her Caledonian ancestors and getting as much fun out of it as though she herself were anything but Scotch. It seemed that in losing her racial consciousness she most surely gained it. No one was talking about politics or religion or scientific phenomena; conversation was purely social.

Finally the chairman rapped for order, for this was the first meeting and there was business to be transacted. The temporary chairman was T. R. Milford, an Oxford man, now secretary of the Students' Christian Movement at the University. After a brief welcome to the four of us, who were more or less interlopers, he called on an Egyptian, Mr. I. H. Mougy, to read the draft of the constitution. In halting English he read the document, a copy of which I have before me now. Especially was I struck by the object of the organization. It reads as follows: "Its object shall be to promote international understanding and goodwill by arranging opportunities of social intercourse among students of different nationalities in the University and by such other means as the Committee shall determine."

Then the officers were elected. They are some of the most influential men and women in the University. The president is Professor William Edward Collinson an M.A. from London and a Ph.D. from Heidelberg, Professor of German at the University. There are, according to a peculiar tradition at Liverpool, three co-equal vice-presidents: Professor Percy Maude Roxby, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, one time member of the China Education Commission; Mr. H. King, a lecturer at the University; and Mrs. Beattie, President of the East and West Friendship Society of Liverpool. The secretary is Mr. I. H. Mougy whom I mentioned earlier. He has taken his degree at a University in Egypt and is now doing research work in the economics of cotton at the University. The treasurer is an undergraduate, Mr. K. Gibson, from Australia.

Following the election a rather general hub-bub and international disagreement occurred over the place and date of the proposed tennis and garden party. A Spaniard argued most fervently for a Friday but a neatly dressed South African pleaded for Monday because he had an examination on the other day. He carried the house with his jocular remarks and received the typical English applause (shouts of "hear! hear!" and loud stamping of feet). They

finally also agreed to have it at Aincot, a delightful rural place outside of Liverpool. Then the meeting adjourned, but many lingered on to continue unfinished conversations. There was nothing stilted, formal or cold about the whole thing. Simply the average group of young students gathered together talking nonsense and "an infinite deal of nothing". But one with an American background could not help thinking of Kipling's verses:

"Oh East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.
But there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed nor birth
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

He was wondering if another generation would bring a thing like this to America.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

THE "WHITE PRIMARY" FIGHT

THE determination of the N. A. A. C. P. to participate in the legal fight against the Texas white primary law and to make that case the entering wedge of a fight against disfranchisement of colored voters in the Southern states has aroused an enormous amount of interest throughout the country as is evidenced by editorials not only in the colored but in the white press. Colored editors especially have been emphatic in their approval of the step taken by the N. A. A. C. P. Said the *Baltimore Herald:*

"We have always believed that primaries which excluded Negroes from voting were unlawful because such exclusion was in violation of the 15th Amendment, and it delights us that our Texas brothers are fighting the issue to a final decision.

"The right to vote carries with it more than the mere privilege of dropping a printed ticket in the ballot box. It carries with it the right of elective choice, the right of the voter if he so desires to cast a vote which is potential in determining the election of the officers of the State of which he is a citizen, and of the United States where they are voted for. If his vote is robbed of that potentiality through primary elections which pre-determine or pre-elect the officials he is no less deprived of his vote than if he was as a Negro excluded from what is called the 'general election'."

The Texas colored newspaper, *The Dallas Express*, in commenting on the fight said in part:

"This attempt will be the second made by Negroes in Texas to break this infamous law by which, in many cities and in a majority of States, Negroes are effectually disfranchised. The first attempt, led by citizens of Houston and argued by Lawyer R. D. Evans of Waco, resulted in a *nolle prosequi* decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to which it was finally carried.

"This new attempt should cause the immediate rallying of Negroes all over the State to the assistance of this organization which has so effectually fought other racial battles to the gates of success, and which, more than any other of its kind, has the reputation of never quitting until the last opportunity of winning success has been taken advantage of. . . . In the reopening of this case there is an appeal which is more fundamental than any other in the annals of mankind; it has to do with self-defense, and with making a provision for the more complete citizenship of those not only of future generations but who are living today. It strikes at the very root of the infamous system of disfranchisement in the South where because the Negro does not enjoy the full benefit of the right to vote for those by whom he is to be governed he enjoys few other rights to the full".

The white press North and South displayed unusual interest in the case. One of the Northern dailies, *The Citizen*, of Brooklyn, New York, acknowledged the importance of the White Primary case as follows:

"The rights of the colored race in America to the franchise is involved in a case which has been argued in the courts in Texas and which will be appealed from them to the highest tribunal in the land, the United States Supreme Court. Not only are the rights of the Negroes involved but the good faith of the Nation is at stake.

"A law passed by the Texas State Legislature in 1923 declared that no Negro

should be eligible to vote in a Democratic primary. Dr. L. A. Nixon, a Negro, sued for $5,000 damages from officials when his ballot was refused in the primaries. The courts decided against him. This decision was affirmed by the Federal District Court of Appeals.

"The court defended the action of the officials since it was in accordance with the law, which had been upheld by the Supreme Court of the State. It was held that the law did not infringe the rights of the Negro to vote, since it was a primary and not an election.

"This is begging the question. Nomination at a Democratic primary in Texas means the election of the nominee, and to be deprived of the right to vote at a primary is to strike a blow at the victim's right to participate in the choice of officials. 'This case will profoundly affect the Negro in America', very truthfully remarks James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. So long as Negroes can be deprived of free access to the ballot, just so long can their economic, legal, political and other rights be disregarded with impunity.

"The people of the South, who forced the Eighteenth Amendment upon the Nation and who demand that it be respected, have themselves for many years violated the provisions of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The decision of the courts that a primary is not an election and that therefore to bar the Negro from the primary is not unconstitutional is based upon a technicality. Such decisions as this tend to bring the law into contempt. The people want justice to rule, not legal technicalities, in 'the administration of Justice'."

In the South the case brought remarkably fair and dispassionate review from the editor of the white daily, *The New Orleans States*, who, although he expressed doubt of an ultimate victory, gave due weight to the importance of the struggle and to the interest with which it was being watched by white people throughout the South. The editorial published in *The New Orleans States* was as follows:

"The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announces plans to take the Texas primary law to the United States Supreme Court as preliminary to a general attack on disfranchisement of Negroes. Reputable Texas lawyers have been retained to conduct the case in the Texas courts. If it goes to the United States Supreme Court, Moorfield Storey, of Boston, former President of the American Bar Association, and James A. Cobb, noted lawyer of Washington, will be leading counsel.

"The Texas and Louisiana primary laws differ. Under the Louisiana law, Section 10, the qualifications were declared to be the same as now required by the Constitution and election laws for voters at general elections, 'and the further qualifications prescribed by the State Central Committee of the respective political parties coming under the provisions of this act'. From this provision the Democratic State Central Committee derives its authority to confine its primaries to white Democrats. Its right to do so has not been challenged.

"The Texas law, passed by the Legislature in 1923, on the other hand, specifically declares that no Negro shall be eligible to vote in a Democratic Primary. Dr. L. A. Nixon, a qualified Negro voter of El Paso, attempted to vote in such a primary, but was refused permission. He asked $5,000 damages from the Democratic officials of the primary. A Federal district judge, before whom the case was taken six months ago, ruled against him. In two other previous cases the State Supreme Court upheld the validity of the law. Now an effort is to be made to have these decisions passed on by the highest Federal judiciary.

"The Texas cases were lost by the complainants on the ground that a primary is not an election. The Association for the Advancement of Colored People denies this and holds that, since the Democratic party constitutes the entire machinery of election to office in most of the Southern States, an appeal to the Federal Supreme Court offers the only effective way of striking a blow for the Negro's right to vote.

"The outcome of the litigation will be awaited with much interest in Louisiana as in other States of the South which believe that the political supremacy of the dominant race and peaceable relations between whites and blacks can best be maintained by separate primaries. Every attempt heretofore to have the Southern suffrage laws declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court has failed. The best legal thought of the South is of the opinion that this latest effort will have a similar result."

THE SEGREGATION CASES

THE Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana early in May refused a rehearing in the case arising out of the passage by the City Council of New Orleans of an ordinance providing for racial residential segregation, which case is being fought through the courts by the New Orleans Branch in conjunction with the National Office. This action was taken by the State Supreme Court, despite the fact that the ordinance in question and the various decisions upon it by the Louisiana Courts are in direct contravention with the United States Supreme Court decision rendered in 1917 in the famous Louisville

Case. Upon the rendering of this decision the attorneys of the N. A. A. C. P. made application immediately to the United States Supreme Court on a writ of error. The colored people of New Orleans, according to Dr. G. W. Lucas, President of the Branch there, were not at all surprised at the Supreme Court's decision, but instead are more determined than ever to fight the case through to a successful conclusion.

The cases in the District of Columbia now pending in the United States Supreme Court involving the question as to whether or not individual property owners have the right to include in deeds to property clauses prohibiting the sale of, rental to, or occupation by Negroes and further call upon state or federal courts to enforce such property agreements will probably not be heard until the Supreme Court sits again in the fall. The Association's attorneys, including Messrs. James A. Cobb, Moorfield Storey, Henry E. Davis, Louis Marshall, Arthur B. Spingarn, Herbert K. Stockton and William H. Lewis, are following the cases carefully, and will be ready for trial whenever the case is heard.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY BENEFIT

ON March 27th, the Women's Auxiliary of the N. A. A. C. P. composed of approximately 150 women of Harlem gave a very successful benefit for the N. A. A. C. P. at the Manhattan Casino, New York City. The entire net proceeds of $1709.40 have been turned over to the N. A. A. C. P. Officers of the Women's Auxiliary were: Mrs. Bessie Oliver Miller, President; Mrs. G. B. Needles, First Vice-President; Mrs. Rose McClendon, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Elizabeth H. Davis, Recording Secretary; Miss R. G. Randolph, Executive Secretary; Mrs. Grayce F. Nail, Treasurer.

THE DENVER CONFERENCE

THIS issue of THE CRISIS will reach most of its readers about a week before the 16th Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People opens in Denver, Colo., on June 24, the sessions continuing through Tuesday evening, June 30. In previous years the names of delegates and members who plan to attend their conference were usually not sent to the National Office until a few weeks before the conference was opened. This year more than a month before the opening sessions and just before this issue of THE CRISIS goes to press delegates and members have already been reported from 25 states, indicating the very wide-spread interest in the forthcoming conference, and assuring us of the largest meeting we have ever held.

At the Denver Meeting will be discussed various problems which are of paramount importance at the present time in the question of race relations, while at the same time the constructive side of the race question, and particularly the contributions of the Negro to American and World Civilizations will be emphasized. Among the subjects to be discussed are: The Problems of Enforced Residential Segregation; The Attempts to Spread Jim Crowism; School Segregation, and other discriminatory practices in Northern as well as Southern states; The Continuance of the Efforts of the N. A. A. C. P. against Lynching and Mob Violence; Modern Industrialism and the Negro; The Ku Klux Klan; and other similar problems. There will be as speakers at the conference men and women of ability and information, who will make definite contributions to the discussions of these subjects. Among them are: Clarence Darrow, one of the great lawyers of America; Congressman L. C. Dyer, who will speak on "Why Senate Rules Should be Amended to Eliminate Filibustering"; Professor H. Adolphus Miller, of Ohio State University, who will speak on "Science versus Pseudo-Science on the Race Question"; ex-Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado, who will speak on "Mob vs. Civilization"; Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, whose subject will be "Modern Industrialism and The Negro"; Mr. Charles Edward Russell of Washington; Mrs. Florence Kelley of The National Consumers' League; Mr. Isadore Martin of Philadelphia; Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, head of the famous Juvenile Court of that state, who recently won the fight of the Ku Klux Klan to oust him from office; Mayor Benjamin Stapleton of Denver; Mr. Scipio Jones, the Association's attorney in the famous and successful Arkansas Cases; and a number of other speakers of equal importance and information.

The largest meeting of the conference will be the Mass Meeting on Sunday, June 28th, at the Denver City Auditorium. This

meeting will be broadcast through station *KOA*. On Saturday, June 27th, all of the delegates and members will go to Colorado Springs, where they will be the guests of the Colorado Springs Branch on a sightseeing automobile tour, winding up in a barbecue in the famous Garden of the Gods. At the closing session of the conference on Tuesday evening, June 30th, the Spingarn Medal will be presented. The Denver Branch is arranging very elaborate features for entertainment of the delegates and members. Very unusual musical programs have been arranged to precede the evening mass meetings. There will be a great street parade on Sunday, prior to the mass meeting at the City Auditorium; and a number of other plans have been worked out to afford entertainment to those who attend.

Special Pullman Cars are being arranged for from various states. Delegates in the vicinity of New York will leave with the National Officers from New York on Sunday afternoon, June 21st, arriving in Chicago Monday afternoon, June 22nd. There they will join with delegates from other points, who will mobilize at Chicago, and the entire party will leave Chicago Monday, June 22nd at 11:00 P. M. via the Burlington, and arrive in Denver on Wednesday, June 24th at 7:30 A. M. Many persons are planning to combine a vacation trip to the Rockies with attendance at the conference. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People once again extends to all of its members and friends a most cordial invitation to meet with us in Denver, where no doubt the greatest conference we have ever held will be in session.

PRIZE BABIES

JOY LEWIS
DETROIT, MICH.
1st PRIZE

OSCAR B. ROSS
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
1st PRIZE

LEON M. GREENE
HARRISBURG, PA.
1st PRIZE

EDITH J. SHELTON
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
1st PRIZE

VERBATIM

MARTHA GRUENING

IT was on the Savannah boat—going South.

The Tactless One was trying, not very hard, to read a not very interesting article. She let herself be pleasantly distracted now and then by sunlit sails and flying fish, but she was really listening with irritation to the conversation proceeding from the four steamer chairs a few feet away. The chairs were peopled by the Lady from Florida, the Girl from Georgia and the Northern Novices. The Lady from Florida was a dominant elderly person, implacably sociable, who seemed always to be impersonating Southern Graciousness in a masque of her own imagining. The Girl from Georgia was rather pretty and very conscious of it. The Northern Novices were twin maiden ladies of prim aspect and fluttering manners and irritated the Tactless One particularly by a boundless and, it seemed to her, groundless deference toward the Lady from Florida. The part assigned them in the masque was apparently Ig-

norance seeking Enlightenment, and the Lady from Florida, with the passive assistance of the Girl from Georgia, was providing enlightenment on the subject on which any Southerner anywhere, at any time, will always enlighten anyone else—*The Negro.*

The Tactless One had in the past listened and taken part futilly in dozens of such conversations. She told herself she wouldn't care what they said. She settled grimly to her reading and familiar phrases drifted past her.

"Perfectly hopeless"—"They never develop beyond twelve years"—"When you've lived down among them you know you can't civilize them"—"No Southerner's got any use for an educated nigger". The Tactless One couldn't help it. She was so obviously and shamelessly listening and was receiving encouraging and inclusive smiles from the two Southerners in the group, who had no objection to enlarging their audience. One of the Novices asked a respectful question.

"Industrial education," said the Lady from Florida, decidedly, "And not too much of that. Anything else spoils a nigger."

The Tactless One plunged and asked a crude revealing question. It had to do with college education for Negroes.

The Lady from Florida smiled from the heights of her special knowledge. "Have you ever *known* a nigger who went to college?" she asked.

The Tactless One had. In response to a further rhetorical question she gave hastily the names of a dozen or more distinguished Negro graduates and was disconcerted to see that her hearers plainly believed she was lying. The Southern enlighteners had never heard of any of them. The Northern Novices didn't want to. The Negro they all knew besides "The Negro" was Booker Washington. He might be called a leader, they conceded, but then *he* hadn't gone to college; and more important still, he was "half white or more". "White blood," said the Lady from Florida weightily. "It never fails. Any time you find any of them that amount to anything—that show any leadership—you'll find they're more white than black." But seeing a gleam in the Tactless One's eye, she made haste to add that miscegenation produced a dozen criminals for every decent specimen. Where she got her figures was not revealed. "You don't hear anything of Booker Washington's five or six worthless brothers and sisters," she added scathingly. No one having heard of them they were promptly added to the debit side of the Negro's account by all but the Tactless One.

The conversation proceeded according to pattern. Do such conversations ever vary by the fraction of an inch? Did the Tactless One then believe in Social Equality? She did, unqualifiedly. The Girl from Georgia looked scandalized. The Novices eyed her with distaste and rolled apologetic eyes in the direction of the Lady from Florida. "We are not all like this," they did their best to convey wordlessly. The Lady from Florida smiled, shrugged and produced an anecdote. It seemed that in St. Augustine, the lady's home town, a Northerner with ideas similar to the Tactless One's had given a party for the colored people there. In the course of the evening he had remarked to one of his guests, —an "ol' darkey"—"Your old master wouldn't have treated you like this, eh?" And the "ol' darkey" had promptly and very properly responded: "No, suh! My ol' Mas' was a Gen'ulman."

The Northern Novices broke into gratified laughter, the look they flashed at the Tactless One saying plainly, "Take that!" The Tactless One, who had intended only peaceful penetration, suddenly decided on rough stuff. "Of course," she said, "that's not authentic. It didn't really happen in St. Augustine, if it ever did anywhere. I've heard it before; and the one about 'Thank Gawd I've met a Su'thn Gen'lmun,' and all of them. They happened in the hometown of every Southerner I ever met."

She knew she was being rude and didn't care. If you were going to be honest in such conversation, what else could you be but rude? The Lady from Florida, however, took it mildly.

"It may not be authentic in the sense you mean," she replied with rebuking gentleness. "Perhaps it didn't actually happen in St. Augustine, but it is *believed* there. And," she went on with growing firmness, "It suttinly represents the darkey point of view—that of the *good* darkey. They've got no use for a white person who wants to mix up with them. My ol' Maggie now —a good ol' darkey she is too, she says she 'doesn't want to get mixed up with no white

folks.' The *kind* of white folks that would want to mix with her she wouldn't want to mix with no how. No suh! Now she's a *good* darkey. Raised right—bo'n in slav'ry, she was, and she doesn't forget it. Why she wouldn't sit down at the dining room table if I'd let her. Once in a while when work piled up in the kitchen I've tol' her to sit right down when we were through and eat there. Well she wouldn't say anything, but she'd *look* a plenty—didn't like her white folks forgetting themselves that way. She'd pick up her dinner and ma'ch right out on the back po'ch, where she felt she belonged, to eat it. They're like that—good ones."

The faces of the Novices registered admiration, tinged with covetousness. They were going to live in Florida, it seemed. What if they could find a Maggie who would always know her place. They thrilled to the thought.

"Of course, that type is almost extinct," said the Tactless One, brutally. "It is getting scarce," admitted the Lady from Florida regretfully, and the Novices echoed her wistfulness. "And that's because of the wrong kind of education, too", the Lady from Florida resumed presently. "Here's another example. Once when my babies were little I was lookin' for a maid and an ol' darkey woman I found told me she had a daughter just back from school who *might* work for me—*Octavianna*—that was her name, (pause for a laugh at this absurdity). Well — Octavianna's mother wanted to know what kind of work it was. Dish-washin' chiefly, I said, and scrubbin' and cleanin'. Well that wasn't the kind of work Octavianna would do. No indeed, her mother said she wouldn't want to *wash dishes*. So I asked what she *would* do. 'Well,' she said, 'She plays the piano very nice, she's had music lessons and might be willing to take your little girls to the Pa'k.'"

She let words fail her and spread out her hands as though presenting her hearers with the unbelievable incident. The girl from Georgia nodded sympathetically. She too, it appeared, had had to do her own work sometimes because of the higher education of Negroes. The Novices tittered dutifully at Octavianna. The Tactless One stared stonily in front of her.

"I don't see what's funny about that", she said as soon as she could be heard. "Why should she wash your dishes?—And why shouldn't she play the piano if she'd had lessons? She probably was musical."

Nobody bothered to answer this, evidently thinking it beneath contempt, but she persisted: "Is it funny because she was black, or poor, or what?"

The Lady from Florida merely smiled indulgently. She knew none could be so stupid as the Tactless One was perversely pretending to be.

"Well, would it be funny if she'd been white?" asked the Tactless One.

"No," said the Lady from Florida promptly, and finally deigned to elucidate, "It's *unsuitable* for a nigger. What I say is, give them an education suited to them."

The Tactless One suggested that a musical education might seem suited to a musical race but this was treated as mere madwaggery. Niggers musical! The authorities on the Negro had never heard of Roland Hayes or Burleigh or Coleridge-Taylor or Will Marion Cook. The Negro Spirituals? "Oh, the nigger songs!" Yes, they were funny, screaming, but they didn't particularly mind hearing them. Some niggers did have good voices. "In fact," conceded the Lady from Florida graciously, "It's quite a fad to have them come from their industrial schools and sing them. They make a great deal of money that way." So much for Negro music.

The talk swept on its inevitable way. It reached the point that called for asterisks. The usual crime—the perpetual menace to white womanhood. The Southerners talked of these with hushed voices but with insistence. Even the Tactless One felt now that to a certain point at least they were sincere. Their fear, she thought, was not unmixed with a certain elation at the bloody rule by which they were "Protected", and they talked of it with unmistakable relish. But it was a real fear. A fear that had been bred into them, by which they had been victimized and with which they were determined to infect others. And here, too, the Northerners were oddly credulous. The Tactless One knew, from having compiled lynching statistics, that the "usual crime" is *not* usual. That not a third of all lynchings are due to it, that it is almost never proved before the lynching takes place. She tried to hurl a few facts into the discussion but they fell harmlessly to the ground, leaving the sinister myth untouched. The

Novices obviously preferred it to the facts. They reminded the Tactless One of children entering a chamber of horrors. Light might have revealed that its horrors were not so grisly after all. She wondered why they wanted to frighten themselves—what need in their natures was filled by this Southern version of the Negro they insisted on accepting. But the Southerners were now really aroused. They had tolerated the pretensions of the Tactless One too long. This was what came of allowing a Northerner to question, however slightly, the validity of their testimony. Their emphasis redoubled. They cited Thomas Dixon as a final authority, as one might cite the Bible. Let the Tactless One read "The Plain Man" and "The Leopard's Spot".

"Sensational? Untrue? Not at all", said the Lady from Florida. "They were true then and they are true now. They are great books. They give a true picture."

"Of course", said the Girl from Georgia, who had been a librarian in the North, "they mayn't be very good *literature*"; but the Lady from Florida would have no such apostasy. "They are the Voice of the South", she said firmly. There seemed nothing there to contradict but the Tactless One was still looking unconvinced. There was, however, a way to dispose of her. "Have you ever *lived* in the South?", asked the Lady from Florida, then with a suggestion of great forbearance, "for two or three years say—"

The Tactless One hadn't. To herself she admitted a dilemma. She knew she could never live among white Southerners long enough to qualify as having an opinion of Negroes. "Well then!" said the Lady from Florida triumphantly. The Tactless One was not unique, she was assured. Plenty of Northerners came South with notions like hers, but they soon lost them. They quite got to see their impossibility. In fact if Southerners who understand niggers didn't restrain them they would, in their revulsion, wipe out the entire breed! The Tactless One decided she would live in the South sometime in the distant future, just for the sake of remaining publicly unconverted. Meanwhile she recalled a friend who had taught in a Negro University in Atlanta. "Well?", said the Lady from Florida again, expectantly. Of course she knew exactly what happened. Only, it didn't. The Tactless One's friend had come South with notions, it must be admitted, and she had gone away with more of them than ever. Strange and baffling case! Had she actually *liked* Negroes? Yes, she had thought they were wonderful, she couldn't help being impressed with their superiority to the white people she saw there. The Tactless One really felt a little apprehension at this point. After all, she was, as it were, on Southern territory; but strangely this struck no spark. The explanation was too obvious. Of course her friend had met no decent white people. The misguided girl wouldn't, teaching in a Negro college. The Lady from Florida and the Girl from Georgia sincerely pitied her, cooped up with Negroes and Northerners and debarred from meeting Southern Society. She probably deserved no better, but still she must have suffered. No, the Tactless One insisted it was a wonderful experience; but they merely dismissed this as further evidence of her friend's incompetence.

"You'd hardly learn about Negroes at a Negro College", said the Lady from Florida, as one who states a truism.

"Now in Florida", she went on, getting the conversation firmly in hand, "I think we do so well. Our system is so fair. We have separate schools you know for the black and white and both are free to go as far as they can just as you think they should." This was and remains news to the Tactless One. "Not that they ever *do* go very far, but they could if they wanted to. We have a nigger Normal School. We get them the best nigger teachers we can and they can do as good work as they're able —under White Supervisors, of course, that has to be. They have no leadership, of course."

"How are they going to develop it then?" asked the Tactless One. "Not letting them have it because they haven't is like keeping them out of water till they can swim."

"No it is *not*", said the Lady from Florida with asperity. "The way to develop leaders is in the job you've got, by good honest work—not by wanting what you haven't got. By good hard honest work—by pioneer work such as white people have done", she added in a flight of fancy, "clearing the wilderness, draining swamps, chopping down trees."

The Tactless One saw red suddenly and went too far—

"A *fat* lot of pioneering Southern white

people have done!" she exploded. They've cleaned a lot of swamps and chopped trees and built roads under slavery and since, haven't they? Why, all the work in the South was done by Negroes under slavery and most of it's been done by them since. Pioneering!"

"It took white brains", said the Lady from Florida calmly. "White brains *planned* every bit of it." She was serene in her mistakable omniscience but the Novices could bear no more from this upstart fellow Northerner, and one of them resolutely created a diversion with the timely assistance of some giant porpoises. The group scattered to the rail, but presently coalesced again rather definitely minus the Tactless One, who resumed her reading. From the lower deck where the colored waiters sat between meals came occasional snatches of song and laughter. From the group a few feet away, no longer hospitable in aspect, familiar phrases again drifted.

"Not more than twelve years old," she heard again. "You can't educate them." "So irresponsible—just like children"—"You can't trust 'em"—"The basket habit," (laughter)—a humorous anecdote illustrating Negro immorality, old Maggie speaking, "Fo' Gawd, Miss May, I don't know which of ma' husbands it wuz, but it wuz one of them wo'thless Niggahs"—the Tactless One knew that one too. Two years before a Virginia woman had told it to her about her "Old Lottie". Of course, she reflected, all colored people could not possibly be as standardized as all Southern white ones. Could the latter ever be educated, she wondered? Did they get to be twelve years old mentally? Could they ever be civilized out of the ignorance and superstition, the fear and greed and savaging that made such standard conversations and the hideous acts that flowed from the same sources, a standard feature of American life today?

The Outer Pocket

Minneapolis, Minn.

I HAVE just been going through copies of THE CRISIS for three years back, in connection with my study of American Negro poetry. It has taken a good part of the past week, for I constantly found myself reading carefully articles, editorials, etc., which had slight connection with the subject in hand, but were too important to miss,—particularly your analysis of the world industrial situation, notes on labor developments in this country, Claude McKay's articles on his Russian experiences, and the point of view of E. Franklin Frazier. I read Mr. Alexander's discussion of Japanese Hokku poems with a delicious sense of time stolen from other things I should have been at, only to discover that they were his own Hokkus and not translations, and therefore important data for my study, after all.

RUTH R. PEARSON.

The University, Glasgow.

I FELT renewed surprise last year at the wide-spread expression in Negro literature of distrust of the British race. You have expressed your preference for French and Dutch, and Brawley all through his writings expresses his special grievance against us. Even in regard to the relations of France and Britain to Liberia in which, from what I know of Liberian history, much stronger practical support has been accorded to Liberia by Britain than by France; but for British protests I think at one time Liberia might have been annexed to the French territories.

The British were the pioneers in the anti-slavery movements and our chief troubles in Africa have been the bitter feud at the Cape with the Dutch, owing to our emancipation policy and the renewal of the feud by the enfranchisement of educated Negroes in Cape Colony, and our troubles with France owing to our insistence on a fair field for the Congo Free State when it was established in the ideals of its younger days. Of course I quite realize how the feeling against us has developed, and that it is due to our responsibility for South Africa where, however, the British minority has been over-ridden in the measures which have been regarded as most inimical to the native development there.

J. W. GREGORY.

WHAT I want to write this gloomy afternoon is the story of one I love—

yes, I mean it—and he is a "black boy"—and my husband knows it!

It is of Cooper, the boy who has lived with us for four years—my "friend and comrade" with whom I work every day. Left alone at eleven he was put into an Orphan Asylum with 500 little imps. He ran away and was put into a reformatory. Learning one day that he would belong to the state until twenty-one, Cooper ran away again, was taken back, but later escaped and set off for the Pacific coast. Any work he could get he was glad to do in hotels or elsewhere. Drifting to Cincinnati he was playing one day on the public playgrounds, was hurt on the ankle by the ball and without care blood poison set in and he lost his leg and foot—or a part of it, not the knee, however, which is a great thing in his favor. Nine months he spent in the hospital and he almost died in the hot summer. He worked in all kinds of places in the hospital as he was so clever. When he left he had about $100 sewed in his coat which started him in life. But no one wanted a "cripple" with a "peg leg" even to wash dishes, and from state to state he begged his way and worked it until a man in Detroit at last trusted him for $100 for a real artificial leg and foot so that his knee could bend. All of it he paid back and came East where in New Haven he worked nights in the freight yards of the railroad and all day in a laundry, driving the wagon to collect clothes. Then he came to Boston and for four years worked in the hotel above us here, Brandon Hall, as house boy. There he knelt on that lame leg from 5:30 till late scrubbing floors, cleaning bathrooms, etc. Then the General Electrics took him during the war but laid him off with many others four years ago when he was sent to me and went to Cotuit with me to run two cottages where I had forty guests. He has never had a year's schooling. Mr. Barrell taught him for a time, but he will not stay indoors evenings when his work is over, he seems to need the air and some life—but he is a *good* boy. With education he would be a clever architect for he draws well house plans. Mr. Emanuel Brown of the Street School of Alabama met him here last summer and expressed the wish that he might have been in his school and had a fair start. Gladly would we have given him this, could we have done so. But all that we could do we have done. He has been treated as if my *own* boy always here, had all we could give him of a home, a room next to ours and I have made, mended and bought his clothes and cared for him in every way—I have been so proud of him, he always looks so neat and well set-up. He is short, never grew much after the loss of the leg until recently. Now the old leg is two inches too short and he limps badly and the strain is doing him harm. The pull of the straps over the shoulder are causing some spinal curvature that, if not prevented from going further, will prove dangerous the doctors say. So—now for the *point* of my story—I am trying to raise money for a new and longer leg and braces for Cooper for his 25th birthday, which comes March 4th. He and I have tried to save up for this for some time, but have not been able to accomplish it. His clothing wears out fast too from the strain and grind of the irons of the leg. Recently he had a bad fall because the old leg gave way on the street.

Mr. Moorfield Storey has responded with much interest to a letter I wrote him a week ago and will "gladly help Walter Cooper" if I can get some others to do so and suggests that some of his own people—(or his own race) should do something for so worthy a young man. So, I am turning to you—the *best* of his race—to ask if you will not help *"my boy"* as I have tried to help your boys and girls—will you not help him who has no one of kin to help—this "motherless chile"—for the sake of your beautiful boy of whom you have written in a way to wring the hearts of the world? It was that story of "The First Born," as you know, that touched my heart's depths and made me dedicate my love and efforts to help your people until I now feel that they are *my people.*

ALEXINA BARRELL,
Brookline, Mass.

Washington, D. C.

Please accept my congratulations on your May issue of THE CRISIS. It is splendidly gotten up and filled with much useful information. I am always glad to get it and I read it with much benefit.

THE CRISIS ought to have a million circulation. This is merited, and it would be most helpful to everyone who read it. I wish you continued and increased success.

L. C. DYER.

The Horizon

CONGRATULATIONS, ARTHUR! *"P. & A. Photo."*

¶ Arthur Waller, 17 year old colored boy, has been elected president of the student body of Newtown High School, Elmhurst, Long Island, New York. According to the picture both he and his school-mates are happy.

¶ Rudolph Fisher writes entertainingly: "My father was a clergyman and you will readily understand that I have called more than one city 'home'. Three, however, are more outstanding than the rest: Washington, where, according to the most reliable testimony, I was born May 9, 1897; New York where my earliest years were spent; and Providence, R. I., where I was more or less educated. Brown University, a most generous institution, gave me a great many prizes and scholarships, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. in 1919 and 1920, and all of the keys—Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho and Sigma Xi. There was undoubtedly an oversupply that year! Washington's claim to importance in my life is not the aforementioned accident, but the fact that here I received the degree of M.D. from Howard and a wife, both in 1924. I am now interning at Freedmen's. I hope to practice roentgenology in New York."

¶ Dr. George C. Reffell has recently returned to his home in West Africa from England where he spent several years studying. He holds the degrees of B.A., M.A., M.B. and B.S. from University College, Durham, and is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Public Health, (London). Also he holds the Diploma of Public Health of

RUDOLPH FISHER
FELIX OLOWOLE LUCAS
DR. GEORGE REFFELL

MRS. CARRIE TUGGLE
REV. IRVING K. MERCHANT
FRANK L. GILLESPIE

KATHRYN JOHNSON
DR. FLETCHER MANSON
SAMUEL CROWLEY

the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians of London.

¶ Samuel Crowley, a student of 31 years of age and a native of Elizabeth, N. J., has engaged in various activities in working his way through school. At present he is giving a series of Bible lectures. He has been very successful making and selling radios, having made a special study of wireless. During a recent fire in the building where Mr. Crowley was Superintendent he was instrumental in saving the lives of several persons.

¶ Mr. Felix O. Lucas is one of West Africa's new barristers. He is a "Yoruba" and was educated at King's College, Lagos, then worked for the Nigerian Government from 1915 to 1922 when he went to Middle Temple to study law. He was called to the Bar last November.

¶ Kathryn Preston Johnson, aged 24 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Johnson, is dead at her home, Camden, New Jersey. Miss Johnson was graduated from the Camden High School and Camden Normal School in 1919. She entered the University of Pennsylvania and completed her pre-medical training in 1921 when she matriculated at the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. Because of excellent work in her freshman year, Miss Johnson was granted a scholarship which she held each successive year. She had reached the opening of her senior year just before her death.

¶ Rev. Irving K. Merchant, Pastor of Allen Chapel A. M. E. Church, Rockford, Illinois, has been appointed as chaplain in the Illinois State Senate. Rev. Merchant will be the first colored minister to serve in this capacity in the Senate of this state.

"P. & A. Photo."

LEONARD TAYLOR READS HIS PLAY

¶ The Supreme Council of 33° Masons (Prince Hall Affiliation), for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction, at their Annual Meeting, held in New York, May 11th and 12th, voted to award a number of scholarships to deserving boys and girls who reside in its territorial jurisdiction. The recipients of these scholarships must matriculate at some college of recognized standing. The whole matter is in charge of a committee to be known as The Education Committee. The members are Robert S. Abbot, 33°, owner of the Chicago *Defender;* William R. Morris, of Minneapolis, Minn., Attorney-at-Law; John P. Scott, 33°, Harrisburg, Pa., Principal of Public Schools in that city.

¶ Dr. Fletcher Summerfield Manson is dead at his home in Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Manson spent many years in preparation and recently received his degree as Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania at the age of 36. In the fall of 1924 he entered Claflin University as Head of the Department of History but was taken ill soon afterwards. He also held an M.A. degree from the University of Pennsylvania having received his early training in Boston and New York University.

¶ The late Mrs. Carrie A. Tuggle was born in Eufaula, Barbour County, Alabama, in 1859. She was the president of Tuggle Institute which was founded and maintained by Negro women members of the Order of Calanthe through the efforts of Mrs. Tuggle. The Institute is located at Enon Ridge, Birmingham, Alabama. In the beginning it occupied four blocks of land. It has grown until now the campus contains 15 acres. The Institute was started by Mrs. Tuggle to train neglected and wayward juveniles. It was incorporated in 1902 and at present has 385 students.

¶ Willie Howard, New York theatrical star, and his brother, Eugene, will produce a play written by Leonard Taylor, colored doorman at the Winter Garden. Mr. Taylor is a graduate of Tufts College. He is shown in the photograph reading the play to Eugene Howard (left) and Willie Howard (right).

¶ Two prizes were won by Archibald Motley, Jr., of Chicago, at the current Chicago Artists' Exhibition—the Frank G. Logan

ARCHIBALD MOTLEY, JR.

Medal and prize of $200 for a painting called "Syncopation" and the Joseph N. Eisenbath prize of $200 for a painting called "Mulatress". Mr. Motley received his education in Chicago at Englewood High School and at the Art Institute of Chicago. He has specialized in portraiture. His picture of "Grandmother" has received great attention.

¶ The colored people of Baltimore, Maryland, will not be granted the use of Public School 52 which has hitherto been a white school. It was planned by the school board to turn this school over to colored students to relieve congested conditions in the colored schools but white residents protested and the plan has been abandoned.

¶ James Pleasant of 213 East 73rd Street, New York, a Negro student, won first prize for individual drill at the Seventh Annual Military Field Day of the New York University R. O. T. C. held on the campus at University Heights. He received a cup given by Professor Henry Cook Hathaway who organized the department of Military Science and Tactics at the University six years ago.

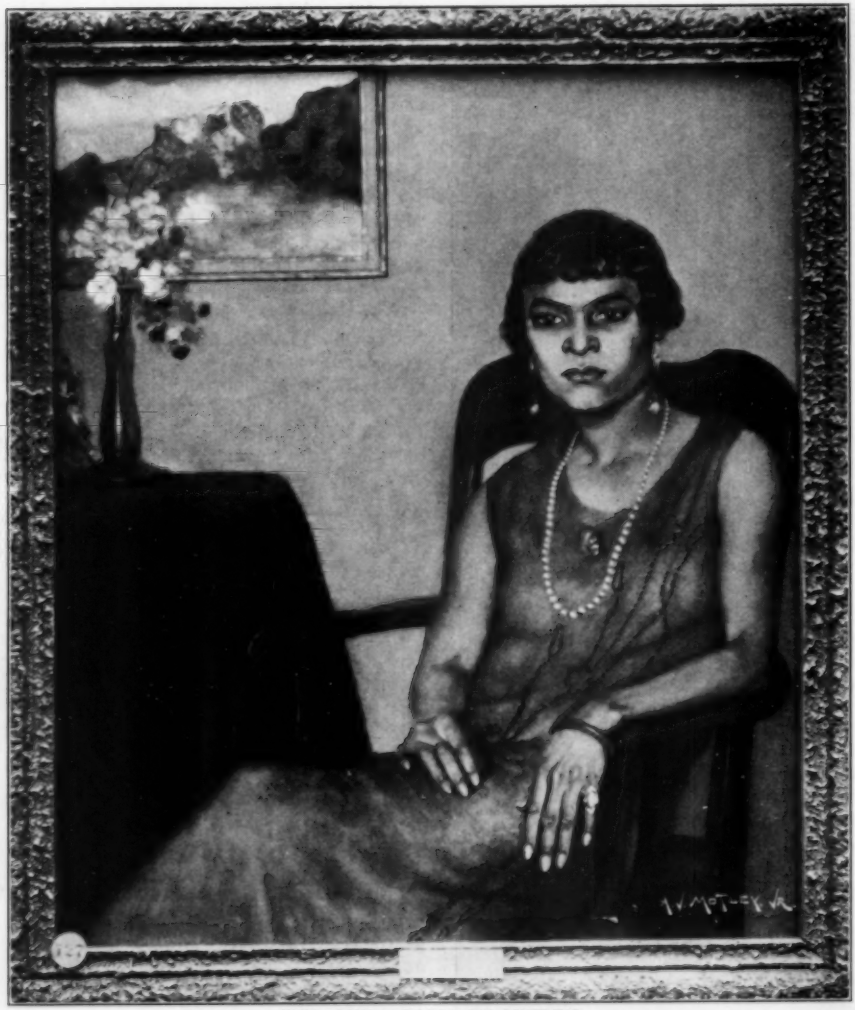
¶ Paul Robeson, actor and singer, and Walter White, author of "The Fire in the Flint", were tendered a testimonial dinner at the Café Savarin, Pershing Square, New York, by 100 of their fellow members of the Egelloc Club. Among the invited guests were Carl Van Vechten, Konrad Bercovici, Laurence Brown, Gordon Whyte, James Light, James Weldon Johnson, W. E. B. DuBois, Lester Walton and Flournoy Miller.

DR. McMITCHELL

¶ Dr. Fred G. McMitchell of McMitchell Sanitarium, Gary, Indiana, has erected a new hospital building at a cost of $35,000. Dr. McMitchell is treasurer of the Gary Health Board, a member of Lake County Medical Society and the American Medical Association. He was educated at Tuskegee, Atlanta, Meharry, Howard and Rush Medical College in Chicago.

¶ Mercer Cook of Washington has been awarded the $1500 scholarship for brilliant work in French. This scholarship entitles

THE "GRANDMOTHER", BY MOTLEY



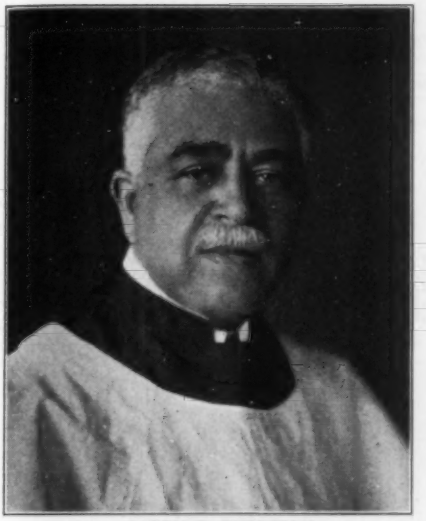
THE "MULATRESS", BY MOTLEY

Mr. Cook, who was graduated from Amherst in June, to a year's study in the Sorbonne. Mr. Cook is the son of Will Marion and Abbie Mitchell Cook.

¶ John P. Davis of Washington, D. C., student at Bates College, has been chosen to represent Bates on the International debating tour. He is one of four men and the first to be so honored. The group also represents the American University Union, Bates College being chosen to represent the United States this year. Among the institutions to be visited on this tour are Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Edinburgh and St. Andrews which is the oldest Scottish university.

¶ Four colored candidates passed the recent examinations for the teaching of Latin in the high schools of New York. They were Melva Price, Isa Gittens, Julia Rumford and Wilfred Gittens.

¶ The Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Chicago plans a merger of some of the 19 schools in the South, reducing the number to 10



HARRY T. BURLEIGH

and 3 professional schools. The merger will not destroy the identity of any institution.

¶ Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street, New York, has presented to Harry T. Burleigh a testimonial inscribed on parchment and bound in gold-tooled Morocco leather. The testimonial reads as follows:

DEAR MR. BURLEIGH:

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Temple Emanu-El, I was commissioned to express to you on its behalf and on behalf of the Congregation, our gratification that you have completed Twenty-Five Years of Continuous Membership in our Choir, and to extend to you our Warmest Greetings on this occasion. During all of that period nothing has marred the harmony of our mutual relations. They have been marked by reciprocal friendship, esteem and confidence.

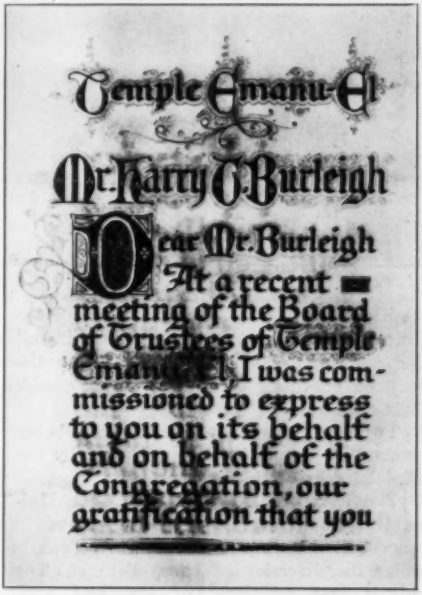
You have contributed much to the maintenance of the high standard of excellence for which we have striven in the musical portion of our services. Your melodious voice and your artistic compositions have added greatly to the devotional attitude of the worshippers within our sanctuary.

Though you have doubtless long ago become aware of our appreciation of these facts, we regard it as fitting that a record thereof be inscribed in our archives and that this communication be forwarded to you.

With Best Wishes for your continued Good Health and for your prolonged happiness, I am,

Cordially yours,
LOUIS MARSHALL,
President,
Emanu-El Congregation
of the City of New York.
WILLIAM J. SPIEGALBERG,
Secretary.

April 3, 1925.


Temple Emanu-El

Mr. Harry T. Burleigh

Dear Mr. Burleigh

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Temple Emanu-El, I was commissioned to express to you on its behalf and on behalf of the Congregation, our gratification that you

FIRST PAGE OF TESTIMONIAL

¶ Willis Walton Banks, a former slave and a waiter at the Maxwell House, Nashville, Tennessee, retired after 25 years' service. Before coming to the Maxwell House Mr. Banks worked at the Battle House, Mobile, and at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans. He has autographs and keepsakes from James Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Joseph Jefferson, Adelina Patti, John F. Robinson and Sousa.

¶ Captain Campbell C. Johnson, secretary of the Twelfth Street branch of the Y. M. C. A., Washington, D. C., was called to serve on the jury. This is the first case of a colored man serving on a coroner's jury in the District of Columbia.

¶ Forty-four chapters of the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity celebrated their "Go to

A LOVING CUP IS PRESENTED THE HON. WALTER COHEN

High School, Go to College" week. Educational mass meetings were held in all the centers of colored population for the purpose of inspiring the youth to finish their education.

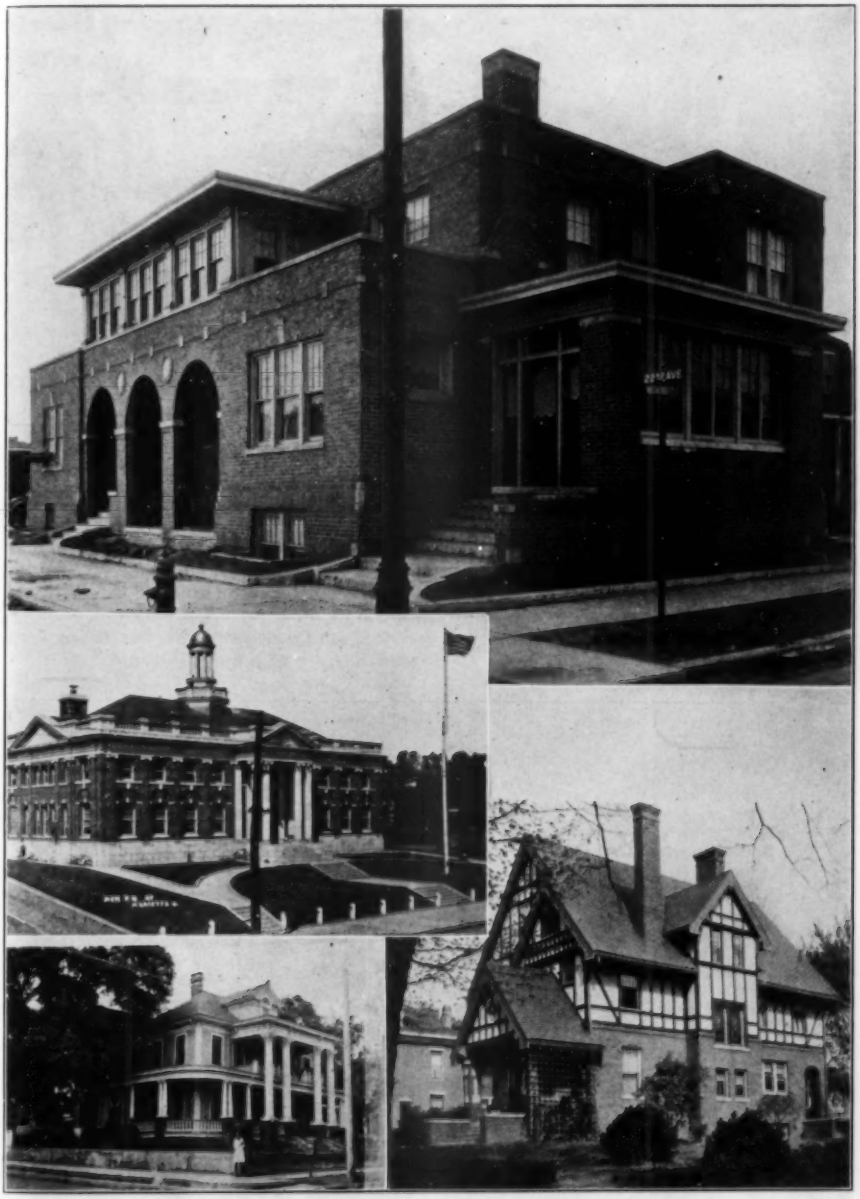
¶ Two Negroes were prevented from being lynched by a mob in Dallas, Texas, by the official forces of the community.

¶ The Fisk Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, appeared in concert at the Salle Gaveau, Paris, France, under the direction of Hugh Dillman. The quintet was composed of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Myers, Carl J. Barbour, Horatio O'Bannan and Ludie D. Collins. The house was packed before the beginning of the concert.

¶ The only colored registered architect in Indiana is William W. Cooke. Mr. Cooke is a graduate of Claflin University and studied architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Columbia University, New York. For more than twelve years he has worked as a designing and supervising architect for the United States Government.

¶ Mrs. Betty L. Francis, the first president of the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A., Washington, D. C., is dead. Her rare services as first colored member of the Board of Education will long be remembered. By her will the N. A. A. C. P. is to receive $1000, Howard University $2500 for the maintenance of the John R. Francis Scholarship in the medical department, the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A.

WILLIAM W. COOKE



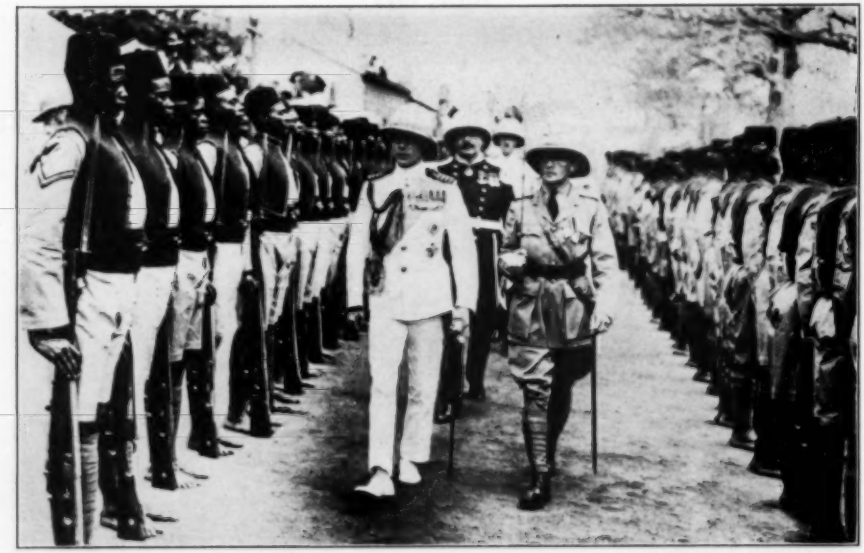
McMITCHELL HOSPITAL BUILDING

POST OFFICE BUILDING, MARIETTA, OHIO

ENGLISH RESIDENCE, MARIETTA, OHIO

COLONIAL RESIDENCE, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

BUILDINGS DESIGNED BY MR. COOKE



Underwood and Underwood

THE GUARD OF HONOR OF THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE GREETS THE PRINCE

$1000, and the Fifteenth Street Baptist Church $200.

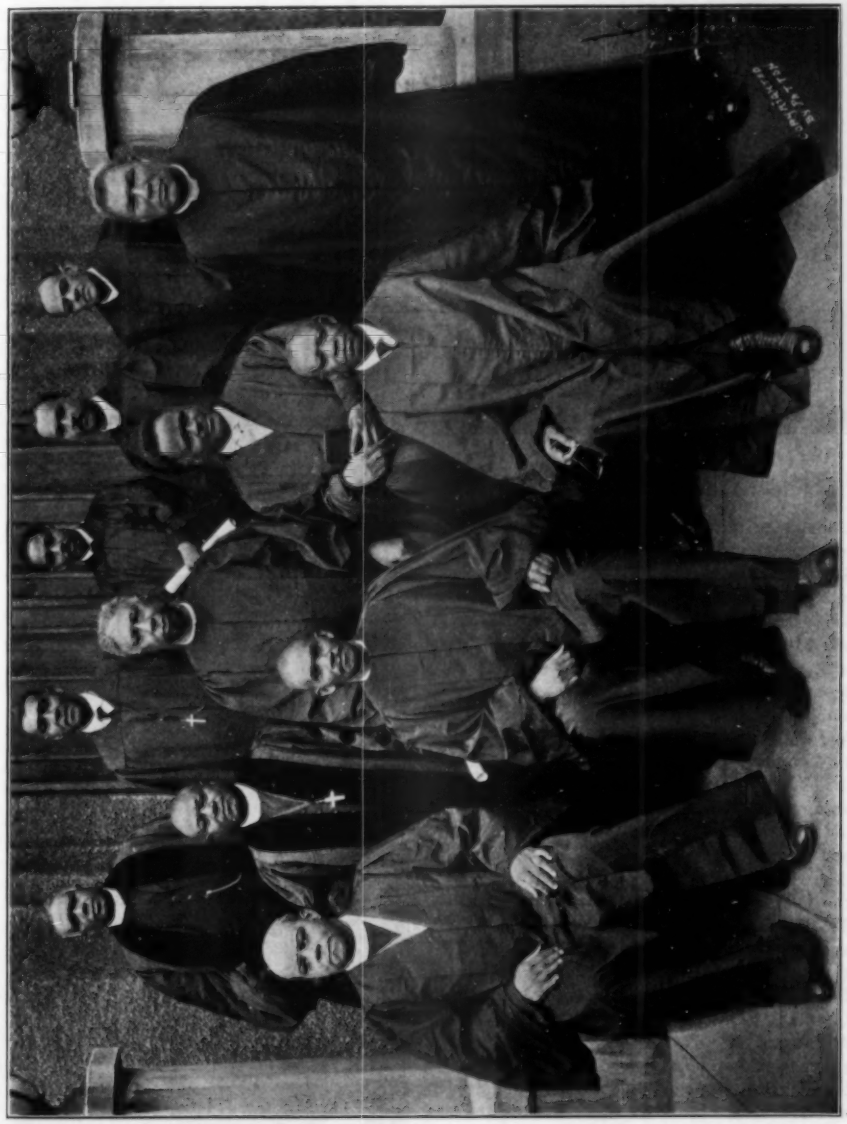
¶ The Prince of Wales is visiting Africa. Special ceremonies of welcome were tentered him at Bathurst, Ashanti and Freetown.

¶ John West, a Negro, was accused in Florida of assault upon a three-year-old girl but was acquitted and as the father of the child failed to appear he was set free. Subsequently, however, he was taken from a train by a mob and lynched.

Underwood and Underwood

THE HEAD CHIEFS OF THE GOLD COAST HOLD A PALAVER FOR THE PRINCE AT ASHANTI

BISHOPS OF THE A. M. E. ZION CHURCH: STANDING BACK ROW READING LEFT TO RIGHT —E. D. W. JONES, J. W. MARTIN, W. J. WALLS, C. C. ALLEYNE, GEORGE C. CLEMENT



MIDDLE ROW READING LEFT TO RIGHT—B. G. SHAW, P. A. WALLACE, J. W. WOOD, W. L. LEE

SITTING LEFT TO RIGHT—L. W. KYLES, GEORGE L. BLACKWELL, J. S. CALDWELL (SENIOR BISHOP)

DR. MIDIAN O. BOUSFIELD

¶ The last bulletin issued by the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of Louisiana included the statement of the following assets: in the Endowment Department, cash, $23,578.21; investments, $95,000; fixed assets, $352,086.15; total Endowment Assets, $473,627.53. The total Burial Fund assets are $14,340.23, the total General Fund assets, $22,240.65 and the total assets in all departments, $509,208.41. The net assets amount to $508,858.41 and the insurance in force March 31, 1925, was $4,475,500.

¶ Campbell College is to be removed from the city of Jackson, Miss., and established on agricultural lands, two miles east of the town of Mound Bayou. The Board of Supervisors of Bolivar County have expressed their willingness to co-operate with the authorities and propose to raise the sum of $25,000 for building and equipping purposes and further to provide a maintenance fund.

¶ The late Frank L. Gillespie, founder and President of the Liberty Life Insurance Company, Chicago, Illinois, was born in Arkansas in 1876; his early years were spent in Memphis, Tennessee. Later he attended the Boston Conservatory of Music and Harvard Law School. When he first came to Chicago he received employment as secretary to J. C. Yeager. Later he became the first colored employee of the Automatic Telephone Company. In January, 1916, he joined the agency force of the Royal Life Insurance Company and by August became superintendent of the company. Later he founded the Liberty Life Insurance Company.

¶ Dr. M. O. Bousfield, 1st Vice President and Medical Director of Liberty Life, will be the new president. Mr. Gillespie was very much interested in Dr. Bousfield and his executive ability and had carefully trained him in the insurance business. Dr. Bousfield was educated at the University of Kansas and Northwestern University. He has practiced in Kansas City and Brazil and has served as first secretary to the Railway Men's Association.

¶ Dr. Grant S. Brown is dead at his home in Wichita, Kansas. He was born in 1875 in Missouri and received his education in Atchison High School, Kansas, at Kansas University and at Howard University where he received his Medical Degree. Dr. Brown practiced in both Atchison and Wichita, serving three terms as assistant county physician in both communities. He was one of the organizers of the colored branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Wichita and the first president of the Wichita Branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

Underwood and Underwood

THE PRINCE MEETS THE LADY MAYORESS OF FREETOWN

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

COUNTÉE CULLEN'S "Threnody for a Brown Girl" appearing in *Poetry* has balm for the grieving heart:

Life, who was not loth to trade
Her unto death, has done
Better than he planned, has made
Her wise as Solomon.
Now she knows the Why and Wherefore,
Troublous Whence and Whither;
Why men strive and sweat, and care for
Bays that droop and wither.

All the stars she knows by name,
End and origin thereof,
Knows if love be kin to shame,
If shame be less than love.
What was crooked now is straight,
What was rough is plain;
Grief and sorrow have no weight
Now to cause her pain.

Set no poet carving
Rhymes to make her laugh;
Only live hearts starving
Need an epitaph.
. . . . . .
We who take the beaten track
Trying to appease
Hearts near breaking with their lack,
We need elegies.

* * *

There may be a thousand natural reasons why we dislike this or that type of human being—the commonest being that he works while we sleep. Rather than acknowledge this, we invent a "scientific theory" to justify ourselves. The one which attributes all virtues to a so-called Nordic race whose most nearly pure representatives are about the dullest, least creative and interesting folk on earth, and whose record is merely nugatory, is becoming a menace to mankind.—*"Lens," the scientific editor of "The New Statesman."*

* * *

The *Living Age* reports an interesting case:

The Netherlands is indulging in a lively controversy over the reported offer of certain wealthy concerns having property interests in the Dutch East Indies to endow a school for training colonial servants at the University of Utrecht. Hitherto the aspirants for that service have been trained at the University of Leyden, which has a faculty of six professors of high repute to deal with different aspects of colonial administration. Business interests, it is said, are finding fault because "the Leyden professors give undue emphasis to questions of ethics, and their teachings on the responsibility of foreign capitalism to the natives are liable to misinterpretation". The result, it is said, is to encourage "a revolutionary atmosphere against Dutch rule among the natives", and in general an attitude hostile to big capitalism. The controversy has gone far enough to move the Leyden professors formally to refute, in an article in the monthly review *De Gids*, these allegations so far as they imply hostility to the Government or to Dutch rule in general. The professors assert that their teaching favors a policy of co-operation with the natives and the continuous furtherance of Indonesian social interests.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF MOROCCO

CURRENT OPINION tells the story of Abd-el Krim who is making life hard for the Spaniard:

If we write of the Moorish chieftain called Muley Mahamed Ben Abd-el Krim, it is because he is the man who has shaken to its foundations the throne of King Alfonso of Spain. There was a time when Spain's empire extended over much of Europe and America also; to-day her external territories are reduced to a strip of coast in Morocco, 150 miles long and 30 miles deep, wherein dwells a population of half a million. And in the long struggle to hold this small province, Spain has lost not regiments only but armies. The leader of the insurgents is Abd-el Krim and his equally formidable brother Mahamed Ben Khattabi. These are the wolves who hold by the ears the Spanish dictator, de Rivera, and the Spanish monarchy for which he stands.

The accounts of the brothers are, in some respects, conflicting. But it is clear that both have traveled in Europe. Both are linguists. One of them, at least, is a skilled engineer. And at Melilla, Abd-el Krim was actually employed by Spain in the Office of Native Affairs, where he helped to administer the Protectorate. When the Great War broke out, however, France complained that he was a friend of Germany, and Spain threw him into prison. He escaped, but with a crippled leg, was recaptured and, according to his statement, harshly treated by his jailers, from whom a second time he managed to get away. His mind was now inflamed against Spain and all her works. He turned rebel and enrolled the tribesmen of the Riff under his banner. How they obtained arms, who knows? Some came from Germany; others from Spain

herself, either seized from prisoners or smuggled into Abd-el Krim's hands by corrupt officers who sold at once their loyalty and their weapons for Moorish gold. In 1921, a Spanish Army, near Melilla, numbering 45,000 men, was one-half wiped out. Isolated garrisons in the mountains were constantly cut off and compelled to surrender. The prisoners had then to be ransomed, and this provided Abd-el Krim with funds with which to finance a further campaign. More Spanish troops were then poured into the country, and, at the port of embarkation, sometimes they mutinied.

* * *

He calls himself Sultan of the tribesmen but he does not surround himself with the luxury of one:

His headquarters are a low building with a flat roof. It stands in a walled yard into which, at night, boys and girls drive the goats. Through a hole in the wall, one dives into a room, built of mud, and 20 feet square. Its height is no more than 6 feet. It contains a rough table, a carpet and the only three chairs discoverable in Adjir. There sits Abd-el Krim. His correspondence in Arabic or the Riff dialect lies around. There are, moreover, a map of Europe and two Spanish maps of the disputed province.

Courtesy Current Events

ABD-EL KRIM

The man is approaching forty years of age. His hands are plump and white, with tapering fingers. In figure, he is short and stout. His complexion might be that of a woman. His hair is black and his beard uneven. And his eyes, while shifty, burn with dark fire on the rare occasion when he looks a visitor in the face. He wears a jelab or cloak, white with broad black stripes, and on his head is a white turban. He claims that the Riff is a republic. But he has no parliament and his "ministers" are mere messengers. The brothers are absolute in their autocracy.

* * *

From the beginning of his insurgency he has met with brilliant successes and the end is not yet:

At times Spain has negotiated with Abd-el Krim. But he demands a complete independence, which terms are held to be too high. Spain has therefore preferred first to continue the fight and then to withdraw her troops, not without heavy losses, to the coast towns. It is indeed the Dictator, Primo de Rivera, who, in person, conducted the evacuation of the hinterland, ruled by this persistent enemy. The humiliation is overwhelming.

. . . . . .

The latest of Abd-el Krim's successes is truly oriental in its romance. For years, the French in Morocco have had to deal with Raisuli, the famous chieftain who kidnapped Kaid Maclean, the Inspector-General of the Sultan's somewhat irregular forces. So far from being a mere bandit, as we are accustomed to suppose, Raisuli is, in reality, a descendant of the prophet and therefore a Moorish aristocrat. . . . Latterly he settled down as Spain's faithful ally. Raisuli was thus King Alfonso's last card against Abd-el Krim. And Abd-el Krim has not hesitated to besiege Raisuli in his mansion, this so effectively that Raisuli, whose health is impaired, has surrendered and become subject to Abd-el Krim. He undertook, if his life was spared, to use all his force and influence on behalf of Abd-el Krim. The fall of Raisuli is a serious blow to Spain, especially as Raisuli had at Tazrut much money and also war material left by the Spaniards in their retreat. With his henna beard, Raisuli is thus eliminated. He is not dead, as so often has been reported. But he is ill and, above all, he is lost to Alfonso.

And Abd-el Krim—what dreams are his? To be a real Sultan—nay Caliph of the Spiritual Islam? Who can say? To have compelled Spain to bite the dust—this without Allies—is indeed a triumph which recalls the day when the Saracens dwelt in the Alhambra.

THE IRATE EDITOR

ARTHUR F. PADDOCK, writing in the *Country Editor* on the possibilities of the survival of the North American Negro, raises the question as to whether his blood will stain American white blood. To this the editor of the Washington, D. C., *Fellowship Forum* utters a thundering "no" and expounds hotly:

Mr. Paddock discussed what he calls "Negro worship". He finds this worship to exist not alone in white men who debase themselves by cohabitation with Negro women, but in the mental, or, as he calls it, emotional, attitude of an entirely different class of men who manifest "Negro worship" in what the author calls "feats of obeisance". He refers specifically to a prominent New York Episcopal clergyman who recently said of the Negro, W. E. B. DuBois, "I know of no man belonging to any of the white races who is his superior either intellectually or spiritually".

Now, it happens that this mulatto, DuBois, is a militant advocate of a number of things that no man who is intellectually and spiritually strong would advocate in the United States. He is a preacher of complete social equality between white and black. He is a preacher of communion in the United States. It is almost inconceivable that a reputable Episcopal clergyman would attribute unsurpassed intellectual and spiritual strength to any man who holds these views, regardless of the race to which he happens to belong. But it is quite inconceivable that any well informed man should attribute to a mongrel of white and black intellectual powers equal to those of the most intellectual white man. That man is simply foolish who will contend that, at this time, a negroid strain can produce intellectual giants equal to those of the white races. Scientific investigation has clearly demonstrated that such a thing is impossible.

Many mulattoes of the DuBois type are remarkably agile mentally. A part of this is heredity from the white side of their ancestry. Part of it is sublimation of the inherent cunning of the black side of their ancestry. But since the black races are, as the science of ethnology clearly shows, intellectually inferior to the white races, a blend of inferior and superior could not produce a product surpassing the superior element in it.

It is these very intellectual mongrels who constitute the greatest menace to the maintenance of a pure white race in America. By the flashiness of their superficial intellect they inspire the "obeisance" of white men such as the New York clergyman. And every time that a white man makes such obeisance to a jungle idol, the Negro whose mentality is scarcely above that of the ape feels that he is a little nearer to his ambition of taking a white woman to his couch.

The forces which work for the maintenance of a pure white race in America find their most difficult problem in such men as the New York clergyman. These men who debase their minds by "Negro worship" are much more difficult to deal with, and much more dangerous to white civilization than are those who debase their bodies by cohabitation with Negro wenches. The white man who lives in concubinage with a Negro woman can sometimes be sent to jail. In any event, he may be ostracized and by force of public opinion driven from the community. Not so the man who abandons himself, to, as Mr. Paddock says, "emotional" intercourse with the inferior race. How we are to deal with him is a problem yet unsolved. That he will be dealt with and that effectively, in the end, goes without saying. What survives of the white race must emerge from the struggle with the black as pure as before the struggle began—and it can no more tolerate a worshiper of the Negro "intelligentzia" than it can tolerate the debased white man with a Negro paramour.

THE KLAN IN KOLORADO

JUDGE LINDSEY, of Juvenile Court fame, tells a thrilling story in the *Graphic* of the way in which the Ku Klux Klan operated in Denver:

A short time prior to the recall election last August, I came upon proof of the special purpose of the Ku Klux Klan to endeavor to elect a candidate of their choosing as judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. This was a letter from a high Denver official of the Ku Klux Klan written under the seal of that order, to an official in Atlanta, Georgia, and stating that one Royal R. Graham, judge of a county court of a small county adjoining Denver, was an active member of the Klan and that I was not; and that at the next election I would be disposed of by the Klan and "a clean man put on the bench of the Juvenile Court".

Thus it was that my own candidacy and the Juvenile Court were brought into the thick of last fall's campaign. The Republican assembly that met to name the candidates of the Republican primary tickets was in complete control of the Ku Klux Klan. The grand dragon, a Democrat, occupied a box in the rear of the hall and there reigned in high state. He directed the proceedings. During the primary election for state and county offices, the Klan was represented on the Republican ticket in practically every county in the state, notably in Denver. With a large campaign fund and one of the most powerful political organizations that this state has ever seen, it succeeded in electing a large majority of the Republican candidates. In a few instances, it supported and elected Democratic candidates, some of whom were either members of the Klan or were believed by the Klan to be in sympathy with it. The Klan also had the advantage of the powerful swing of the Republican ticket. President Coolidge carried Colorado by about 125,000 plurality and the city of Denver by about 30,000 plurality. Thus, at the outset, by capturing the Republican primaries, the Klan bagged the votes of thousands of people who vote their party ticket regardless of what it camouflages. The grand dragon said to an assembly of klans-

men: "We are not Democrats, we are not Republicans, we are klansmen." On the minority party Democratic ticket, therefore, I had to overcome these terrific handicaps to be elected. It involved my running over 10,000 votes ahead of my (Democratic) party ticket in Denver.

* * *

The Klan's methods were the simple and direct practices of the Stone Age:

Whole stories could be written on each of several phases of the struggle that followed. When the Klan wished to break up a meeting and deny free speech, they sent hundreds of hoodlums to these meetings and they were broken up. No more disgraceful mob scenes were ever enacted in Denver than those "pulled off" at some of them. This was notably the case at a citizens' great auditorium meeting last September in behalf of a non-Klan judiciary ticket. The hall was paid for by this committee; they were entitled to a respectful hearing and protection, under the law. A gang of hoodlums packed the hall and apparently acting under a settled plan proceeded to smother any speech which reflected on the Klan. Free speech and constitutional rights were denied. The police offered no redress. Speakers were insulted; the law and the constitution were ridiculed. The principal speaker was Col. Philip S. Van Cise, at that time Denver's district attorney. With his magnificent war record overseas he had been elected by 10,000 majority, only recently emerging victorious in his fight against Denver's notorious gang of bunco men who had defied the authorities for thirty years, and who are all now in the penitentiary where he sent them. He might well have been called at this time an idol of the people. But he had fought the Klan, defied the grand dragon. To the Klan this was the supreme crime of a protestant. Therefore they not only denied him the hearing to which his record, his character and his standing entitled him, but they proceeded to heckle, abuse and insult him. For five hours, till the early morning, he stood there facing the mob and finished his arraignment of the Klan in spite of scenes of disorder and turbulence such as Denver had never witnessed in all its stormy political history.

* * *

The showing of hatred and malevolence was appalling. Judge Lindsey continues:

I have compared these manifestations to incidents that I have read about in the French Revolution. Especially is this true of the part played by certain women. Like screaming furies they led some of the lawlessness that obstructed our attempts to hold lawful meetings. They had paid ten dollars each to hate somebody and they were determined to get their money's worth. Personally, I did not believe that in this day and age there could be such flaming, seething, hissing rancor left in the human heart against anyone. That campaign has changed a good many of my ideas about people. I never realized before how prone a certain type of American is to appeal to hate and passion. It has made me shudder for the future of my country if anarchy should ever stalk in our midst.

Because I dared to oppose this infamy—this menace to the liberties of our people—I am one of those marked by the Klan for "slaughter". In the campaign the Klan made no charges against the conduct of my court, the value of our work, or against me. It was sufficient that I had dared oppose the Klan. At some of our meetings during my pre-election campaign when screaming furies were assailing me with such epithets as "you dirty cur", I would ask them why such names, why such fury against me. The only answer I received from such fanatics was: "You are not 100 per cent American—you are against the Klan." Now, it so happens that I am a Methodist and a thirty-second degree Mason. I spent a year in the recent war, abroad and at home, "doing my bit". I have served faithfully as I could during times of peace. My loyalty was never questioned before.

INTERPRETATION

THE *Christian Century* issues a clear word on the recent unrest in Negro universities:

The disturbance at Howard university, Negro institution in Washington, D. C., coming so closely on the heels of the trouble at Fisk, famous Nashville school, deserves close attention. Such white organizations and persons as have an interest in the providing of education for Negroes will do well to begin to ask themselves whether or not a turning point has come in that enterprise. Do Negroes wish to be educated on the same basis on which education has been offered them since the close of the civil war? That they are eager, pathetically eager, for education is clear; that they are willing to accept this education on such terms as the white man may lay down is not so clear. In fact, it is becoming very doubtful. There is no question but that Dr. F. A. McKenzie, who has been forced to resign the presidency of Fisk, was an educator of fine scholarly attainments who lifted that school to a high level of intellectual achievement. But Dr. McKenzie either did not comprehend the sort of intangible changes that are taking place in the Negro community, or he refused to grant their importance. He attempted to impose by executive fiat a regime at Fisk which left out of account all student initiative and gave no room for student self-expression. When the students revolted, the white police force of Nashville was invoked. The result was a condition in which either the end of Dr. McKenzie's administration had to come, or the end of Fisk would have

come. In the pinch, the Negro demand for a change was heeded. Something of the same thing is happening at Howard, and it looks as though the students there would be equally successful in establishing their contention. What does this rising tide among colored students mean? It is a part, of course, of the increasing self-consciousness of the Negroes as a race. Knowing that they have accomplished more in fifty years than any race similarly conditioned has ever achieved, full of pride in the honors of their individual leaders, resolved that no restraints shall be placed on them that are not placed on others, American Negroes of 1925 are a very different group from those of as recent date as 1915. Added to the new ideas energetically at work in the race at large there are, in the case of Negro students, the ideas peculiar to the youth movements of the world. And any enterprise, educational or otherwise, which seeks to work among Negroes at the present moment must take into account all these elements.

* * *

One must go beneath the surface to seek the true meaning of these outbreaks.

In one sense, such uprisings as have taken place at Fisk and Howard are a measure of the success of the educational adventure which the churches of the North launched at the close of the civil war. It is always a dangerous proceeding for an exploiting race to educate an exploited race. The only reason it is done is because it is so much more dangerous not to. In the case of the Negro, half a century of education has produced a group in full spiritual revolt against all discriminations and the invidious distinctions under which they suffer severe limitations. When that spirit seeps from alumni back into the Negro boys and girls now in school, it makes these ready to demand that they shall have the same privileges and the same freedoms given boys and girls in white schools. It may be that the Negro cannot manage himself without trouble in this atmosphere of freedom. He refuses, however, to admit that this is a condition true only in the case of colored youth. He is standing with his eyes alight with a great race pride and race hope, and he refuses to be any longer considered in any category other than his fellow white man. If whites do not prove themselves big enough to meet him in that mood and work with him on that plane, then their further attempts to "uplift" him are doomed. This does not mean that the Negro has no more use for the help of a sympathetic white man. It is significant that at Fisk there has been no demand for a Negro successor to Dr. McKenzie. But it does mean that the white man who goes in at Fisk, or anywhere else, must be of a definite type. He must not only be able to teach his pupils how to grow; he must be able to grow along with them. Every aspect of the current agitation indicates that the United States has reached another stage in the emancipation of the Negro.

AT THE SEAT OF JUSTICE

"UNCLE ELI" conducts a humorous column in the *Pathfinder* but with the touch of fun he injects a bit of truth and honest censure. Conditions among colored people in Washington make a good topic for his ready pen:

In round numbers the Negroes make up a fourth of the nearly half-million population of the capital city, and of course they are in evidence everywhere. Washington is regarded as the Mecca of the American Negro, for here he is under the wing of the eagle and can't be made the victim of hostile legislation or rules. Of course even at that they don't have a square deal; that isn't to be expected, but they are asserting their rights as never before,—and getting them. They furnish a much larger share of the crime than the whites do. The fact is that Negroes are arrested and punished for many things that are winked at in the case of the whites, and hence they show up in the police records more. Senators and other higher-ups have stabbed street-car conductors who asked for their fare, slugged innocent bystanders at golf courses, got drunk and committed all sorts of offenses which would have landed a Negro in the jail; but such cases are dropped. A poor Negro was heavily fined for flag desecration because he tied an old flag to the back end of a load of lumber as a danger signal; but high government officials drape the flag in forbidding ways, and even walk on it, without anything being done about it.

The Negroes of the District of Columbia are industrious and well-to-do as a class, and there are many whites who might well imitate them. I saw one of the costliest new autos standing in front of a fine house and thought the outfit must belong to some millionaire. A scrupulously dressed Negro came out of the house and drove the machine away.

Thousands of first-class houses, in what have been exclusive white sections of the city, are now being bought and occupied by colored people. The real estate men join in this game and profit by it. They will sell or rent one house in a certain block to a colored family. This forces the white people to sell their houses, perhaps at a sacrifice; and then the agents sell new homes in fasionable suburbs to these white people, at several times what they are worth. Thus the agents make two commissions. This movement is steadily going on, and it presents a very serious problem.

Congress has decided to appropriate money for a bathing beach for colored people, on a tidal basin connected with the

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Potomac. There was already a fine beach for white people on the same basin. A great protest against the Negro beach was raised, and the result was that congress cut both beaches out. The doctors and health authorities were opposed to any beaches, for many ear troubles, boils, skin diseases and other ailments were traced to the infection of the water. And so the Washington people will have to use their bath-tubs to bathe in after all, instead of keeping coal, etc., in them.

HAIL! CHAMPION

THE Hartford, Conn., *Times* held a City Marbles Tournament at which young James Halloway, colored expert at shooting mibs, won the championship, won it for the Henry Barnard School. This is a school which knows how to honor those of its pupils who attain fame. So games were given—but let the *Times* tell it:

When he gets to Atlantic City,
When he gets to Atlantic City,
When he gets to Atlantic City,
He'll be champion of them all!

So sang 1,400 eager young voices this morning, while James Halloway, winner of *The Times* city marble championship, shrank back modestly in his seat of honor on the stage of the Liberty Theater, his eyes cast down, his feet shuffling bashfully, and his mouth stretched in a great smile of pride and embarrassment.

It was Jimmy's party, and it was probably as successful a party as any ever held in the city of Hartford. It began with a big parade, with a band playing stirring march tunes and then ended up at the moving picture theater, where prominent men extended to Jimmy the best wishes for success of the city of Hartford, of the city schools and of the Henry Barnard district; and where, following the addresses, a treat of some fine pictures was spread before Jimmy and his 1,400 schoolmates.

The burden of all the speeches was "Shoot straight and keep your head and play fair—and come back here a winner, ready to tell us all about the national match and all about your trip to Atlantic City, and Philadelphia, and Valley Forge. We'll all want to hear all about it."

* * *

Not only the pupils of Barnard School did Jimmy honor but many notables assisted:

Miss Annie Fisher, superintendent of the Barnard school district, was the first speaker, and acted as chairman. She introduced acting Mayor Roger B. Ladd, who told Jimmy that everybody in the city hoped he was going to win, and asked him to drop in and visit the mayor and tell all about his trip when he returned.

Everett Willson, president of *The Times*, was the next speaker, and said that what had impressed him most was the fact that Jimmy was such a good clean sport and perfect little man. He pointed out how glad all the other contestants in the city match had been that Jimmy won. "And it's not too much for us to hope that Jimmy will win the national championship at Atlantic City," concluded Mr. Willson.

Fred D. Wish, Jr., superintendent of schools, also wished Jimmy the best of luck, and praised him for the modest and sportsmanlike manner with which he wore his honors. William T. Tobin, chairman of the district committee, said that Jimmy would "undoubtedly" win—and that when he returned to Hartford as the national marble champion, then there might be another party.

* * *

And how did Jimmy act? *The Times* tells us:

But many as were the notables present, and fine as was the sight of the marching boys and girls, it was Jimmy himself who was the center of the event—Jimmy, dressed in his fine-appearing new Penrod suit, the gift of G. Fox and Company—Jimmy smiling and bashful and being a good sport through it all—Jimmy who leaves soon for Atlantic City with his mother, there to face a hard fight in the national marble championship tournament. *The Times* will carry each day the last-minute news of the progress of this match, and just about everybody in Hartford is going to follow it with the closest interest—because Hartford wants Jimmy to win.

WHITE "CIVILIZATION"

THOMAS R. REID, JR.

ITS hymn
Is a song
Of hate.
Its God,
Is a man
Of Gold.
It seeks
To kill,
To lynch,
The ones
Without
Its fold.
Its aim,
Its life,
Are Self
And Greed.